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AUGUST 29, 1960

THE OLYMPICS

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWS MAGAZINE



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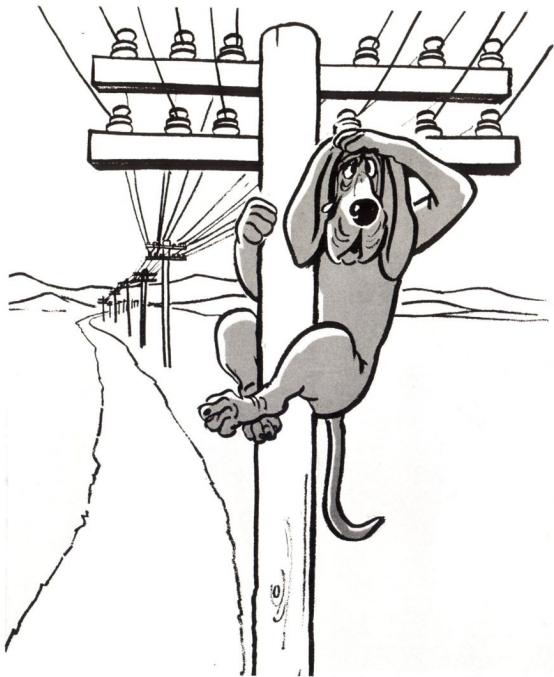
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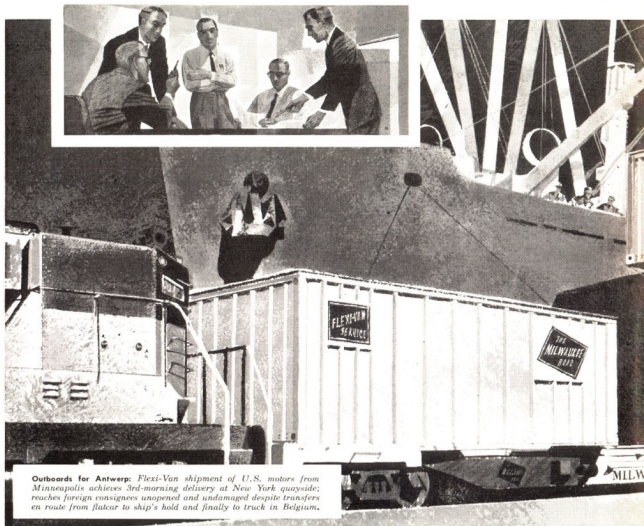


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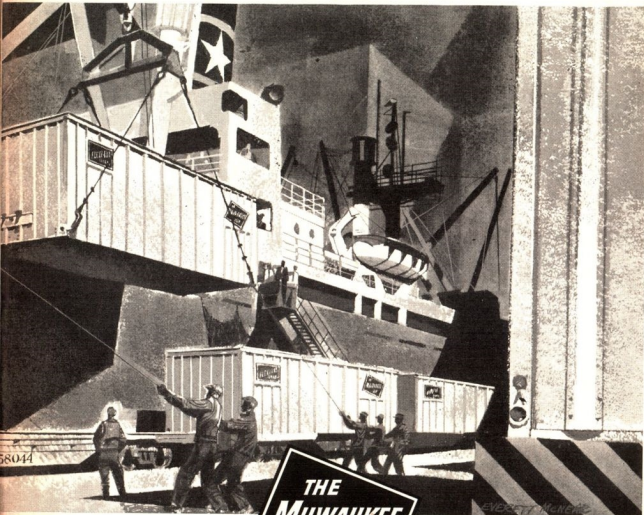
We hope to *anticipate* shippers' wants in the current world trade boom. Cooperating with a steamship company and an eastern railroad, our Foreign Freight Traffic and Flexi-Van personnel helped develop this new safer, damage-free method of moving freight internationally.

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LETTERS

The Campaign

Sir: Congratulations on your colorful, informative and objective coverage of the Democratic and Republican national conventions.

Americans who fear our nation's dying prestige and are shocked at our complacent confidence in John Kennedy. His primary and convention victories give testimony to his brilliance in organization. By reading his speeches one can see that he has a firm grasp of both international and domestic affairs.

JOHN D. IBSON

Santa Ana, Calif.

Sir: I have spent much of my life abroad, and I am convinced that the anti-Communist peoples of Asia and Europe will pray for the Nixon-Lodge-team's victory, as being by far the more vigorous and experienced of the two contestants, and the one more likely to succeed in giving a hemorrhage to Moscow and Peking.

These qualifications must unquestionably be of both to guide any intelligent American voter in November.

A. GREGG

Hong Kong

Sir: I could not help but notice how calm, collected and easy Mr. Nixon was prior to his acceptance speech.

This brought to mind one of the first principles of speech, that a person who shows no nervousness before or during an important public speech reflects insincerity.

A. B. WILLIAMS

Kansas City, Kans.

Sir: If we put Mr. Kennedy in the White House, there will be two small children, perhaps more, during his term of office. This means spilled milk and noodles, fingerprints and crayon marks on the hallowed walls, teeth marks on the furniture and puddles on the rugs. Perhaps we could issue a \$5 bill with a line of diapers hanging from the Truman balcony!

On the other hand, if Mr. Nixon becomes President, it will undoubtedly mean pajama parties in the East Room, rock-'n'-roll music blasting forth from the windows, empty Coke bottles all over the lawn, and the White House phone forever tied up with teen-age chatter.

Decisions! Decisions!

(MRS.) CELIANN ROSE UHL
Markham, Ill.

Sir: This is one diehard Calvinist who's voting for a good Christian Catholic over a hypocritical Protestant.

ANN ARTFELD

Staunton, Va.

Sir: As a Roman Catholic who is convinced that Nixon and Lodge are far more able to lead the country through the next eight years than are Kennedy, Bowles and Stevenson, I beg all the letter writers to let the religious issue drop.

I am confident that, if they are not constantly goaded, my fellow Catholics will vote their judgment rather than their clannishness, and the better man, Nixon, will win.

R. A. BALCH

Winona, Minn.

Who's for Whom?

Sir: Now please don't think, "Oh, here's another angry Democrat!" I am not; I am an angry citizen and voter. Everyone knows that TIME likes the Republican Party—you say so yourself, and it is your privilege and prerogative to like whomever you please. But it is not your right, as a public news medium, to report the events in such a slanted, one-sided manner as to make one party appear all "white" and the other appear "black."

MABEL ROMM

Bellerose, N.Y.

Sir: I realize, of course, that you may well succeed in winning the election for Kennedy, but I would like you to know that the game is understood.

WILLIAM H. WORRILLOW JR.

Lebanon, Pa.

Sir: Let me commend your organization for the fine examples of the "sophisticated smear" technique, which you are so ably employing against the Democratic candidate, his family, friends, and hair.

JOAN B. STOUGH

Houston

Sir: It seems clear, unfortunately, where you stand in the coming election. No wonder Mr. Kennedy is well pleased with the attention given him by the press.

WILBURT R. WALTERS

Wyncote, Pa.

Hold the Fort, Mort

Sir: Congratulations on the Mort Sahl story. It's the cheeriest sketch since *Mort Darthur*.
PAMELA SCOTT

Fresno, Calif.

Sir: This "Herblock of the Bistros" is no successor to such satirists as Fred Allen, Sid Caesar, W. C. Fields or Will Rogers. "Back to the Borscht Belt" with Sahl and his egg-head liberal left pseudo-comedy, actually witty political propaganda vended by a wise-acre.

D. F. BARRY

Brooklyn

Sir: The idea that Mort Sahl's man-slam humor is really a helpful "implied positivism" is pretty humorous in itself.

It's a little like a man who slips a knife in your side and then says, "Don't take it too badly. There's an outside chance you've got appendicitis."

ROBERT J. TULP

Brooklyn

The Lovely Ladies

Sir: How dare you, sir, suggest—in fact, state—that until 1950 each and every British girl, unless she was born to the aristocracy, was dull, dowdy, poor complexioned, wore cotton stockings and shapeless dresses, and had poor teeth.

I don't wish to be catty, but this side of the pond, too, has its share of dreary-type women.

(MRS.) MURIEL GRIFFIN

Regina, Sask.

Sir:

Re your picture of Charles II's mistress, Nell Gwynn, you boys can't even tell Nell from Louise de Kéroualle.

H. MEWHINNEY

Houston

Reader Mewhinney is not the first to confuse Nell with Louise, who served as the King's Catholic mistress. When an anti-Catholic mob in Oxford



NELL



Calver Pictures
LOUISE

mistook Nell for her unpopular rival, the plain-speaking actress stuck her head out the carriage window and said, "Pray, good people, be civil; I am the Protestant whore."—Ed.

Che & K

Sir: Thanks for your cover-picture showing Mr. K., Mao Tse-tung and Cuban Communist Che Guevara. It makes us literally feel their venomous breaths over our shoulder.

LON HEALY

Colorado Springs, Colo.

Sir: Your fine article on Che Guevara of Cuba was illuminating, and frightening for the future of our nation.

MILTON M. STEIN

Brooklyn

Sir: What a disgrace to the medical profession! Instead of devoting his time and skill to the alleviation of human suffering, Che Guevara chooses to dedicate himself to the destruction of men's souls.

NAN RUSSELL

Fern Park, Fla.

Operation

Sir: In your review of my book *The Operators* and me, you dismissed as "possibly legendary" the story of the California man who put his amatory activity down as a medical income tax deduction.

The incident you questioned was the one item in my book which I had accepted, without further checking, from a story in TIME, the weekly newsmagazine. It appeared in the issue of March 10, 1952 (p. 25). Was there a more responsible source?

FRANK GIBNEY

New York City

Who could ask for anything more? —Ed.

White Black Silver Spain

Sir: Your article on the joyless Spanish painters and sculptors, whose colors—black and white, dull greys, somber browns, putty greens you

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call the colors of joylessness, fails completely in trying to link their work to a Hollywood version of sunny and passionate Spain.

The sadness of Spain and the monotony of the Spanish coloring is admirably reflected in the work of Tàpies, Millares, Saura, Rivera, Chillida, as it was in the work of their forefathers Goya, El Greco, Juan Gris, Julio Gonzalez, and still is in some of the best work of Picasso.

As Gertrude Stein put it: "One must never forget that Spain is not like other southern countries, it is not colorful, all the colors in Spain are white black silver or gold, there is no red or green, not at all."

JORGE NEWBURY

St. Louis

Bongo on the Congo

Sir:

May I congratulate the American Government for reserving such a splendid reception to Mr. Lumumba. Humanity is indeed no idle word any more in the U.S.; for a Negro, thief and man responsible for the violation of hundreds of women is hailed with all honors.

ETIENNE VERHOFFSTADT

Antwerp, Belgium

Sir:

Belgium messed up her attempt at Empire. After systematically looting that unhappy land for 80 years she honestly surprised at the outburst of hatred against her? To commit the indecency of shamelessly abandoning the Congo to chaos only to return a week later in the guise of cop appears to me typical of the hypocrisy that now seems the accepted hallmark of international diplomacy. I am not impressed.

PETER C. OBI

Ikeja, Nigeria

Sir:

I wish to extend my congratulations to the U.S. Government for being so influential in persuading the United Nations to send troops to the Congo during a critical situation. I also wish that I could congratulate it for doing the same when the whites were shooting down the blacks.

JAMES OWENS

Chicago

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"HOW DO YOU ENCOURAGE GOOD MEN TO GROW WITH YOUR COMPANY?"

... AN INTERVIEW WITH L. C. JACOBSON/PHOENIX, ARIZONA



■ Mr. Jacobson is Executive Vice-President of Del E. Webb Construction Co., one of the nation's largest. He is also General Manager of all Del Webb operations, commercial, hotel and residential properties, land developments.

Heading an aggressive, wide-ranging organization, L. C. Jacobson has long been familiar with the problems of men who want to grow with their company.

Here is his answer: "When a man shows he's interested, knows his job and really wants to get ahead, I encourage him to develop leadership qualities, self-confidence, and above all, his sincerity of purpose."

Q. Isn't a good man naturally self-confident?

A. *Maybe, but who can tell, unless he shows it? I like a man who talks enthusiastically about his ideas—who speaks up when it's time, but who gains by listening, too.*

Q. What other qualities does a man need to move up?

A. *Business today wants men who bring a positive attitude, motivating skills, human relations and decision-making abilities to their jobs.*

Q. Do you believe these qualities can be developed?

A. *Any man who really wants to can easily develop them. Our men do it through the Dale Carnegie Course. I'm a graduate, and so are most of our key people.*

More and more men and women are waking up to the value of Dale Carnegie training. They see friends and associates who have completed it move on to better paying jobs, become more active in social and community affairs. In 1077 cities these men and women find time to attend Dale Carnegie classes. So can you. Write for complete details about the Dale Carnegie Course. No obligation.

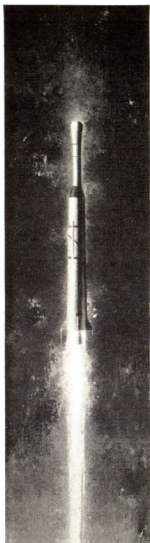


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Thor-Delta launches payload toward 1000-mile orbit



At altitude, satellite is released, inflates to 100-ft. diameter in two seconds



"Project Echo" satellite in orbit, ready to reflect radio signals from NASA transmitters on earth

New plastic moon lets all our scientists share in satellite tests

Your voice may "echo" around the world as a result of this cooperative Space Age project . . .

"Project Echo," National Aeronautics and Space Administration's satellite launch, comes like a "windfall" research grant to scientists.

The aluminum-coated plastic sphere went into orbit folded inside the nose of a Douglas Thor-Delta. Researchers have been invited to further their own experiments with the aid of radio signals bounced off the satellite by NASA transmitters. Data

on the orbit and signals is being widely publicized by NASA in the belief that "cooperative tests" can result in new civilian space research advances.

Such satellites may one day be used as global relay stations for radio, voice and TV signals. While this system is not a reality, the booster that can put it up already is. Douglas Thor has proved itself successful in 87% of its space firings. This dependable launcher is another product of the imagination, experience and skill Douglas has gained in nearly 20 years of missile development.

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ADVERTISING DIRECTOR

John McLatchie

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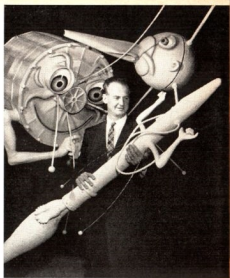
A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernard M. Auer

IN the wake of a series of spectacular developments in the exploration of space (see *SCIENCE and NATIONAL AFFAIRS*), some 35,000 Western Electronic Manufacturers Association convention goes this week will file into the Los Angeles Memorial Sports Arena and be greeted by a timely display of satellite replicas, ranging from the first Explorer to last week's Discoverer capsule and the C-119 that snared it. They are not exact replicas, but models based on the fanciful drawings that graced *TIME*'s June 6 space cover.

Products of the orbiting imagination of Cover Artist Boris Artzybasheff, the drawings were spotted by the people arranging the 1960 Western Electronic Show and Convention, right at the time they were looking for a theme for the annual meeting. Donald C. Duncan, president of Duncan Electronics, Inc. of Santa Ana, Calif., and director of the 1960 Wescon, borrowed Artzybasheff's original painting from *TIME*, commissioned Design Masters, a display-making firm in nearby San Gabriel, to see what they could do.

They did just fine. A staff of six devoted a full two months to the project, consulted occasionally with Artist Artzybasheff, and produced seven lively models—made of Styrofoam with a papier-mâché and plastic covering. The wide-eyed, camera-wielding Tiroos caricature became a wonderfully evocative, 8-ft.-wide monster; and the nose on the 8-ft.-long Vanguard III would arouse the envy of even Los Angeles Neighbor Jimmy Durante.



DONALD DUNCAN & FRIENDS

When the electronic exhibitors arrived last week to set up the convention's 987 booths, the reproduction that stole the show was the Discoverer capsule, about to plop into the waiting butterfly net of a C-119; it was the very morning of the Air Force's first successful catch.

When Artist Artzybasheff was apprised of the stir his "clairvoyance" had created, he mused regretfully: "Oh, I forgot to put in those two Russian dogs, didn't I?"



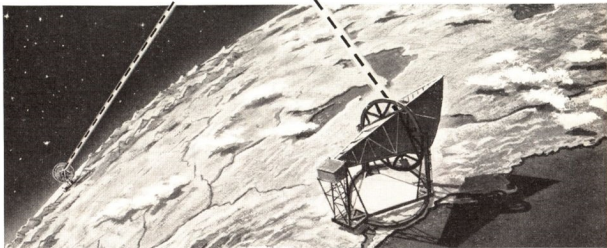
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FIRST PHONE CALL VIA MAN-MADE SATELLITE!

"Project Echo" satellite is in a near-perfect circular orbit 1000 miles high, circling the earth once every two hours. Its orbital path will take it over all parts of the United States.



BELL TELEPHONE LABORATORIES BOUNCES VOICE OFF SPHERE PLACED IN ORBIT A THOUSAND MILES ABOVE THE EARTH

Think of watching a royal wedding in Europe by live TV, or telephoning to Singapore or Calcutta—*by way of outer-space satellites!* A mere dream a few years ago, this idea is now a giant step closer to reality.

Bell Telephone Laboratories has just taken the step by successfully bouncing a phone call between its Holmdel, N. J., test site and the Jet Propulsion Laboratory of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) in Goldstone, California. The reflector was a 100-foot sphere of aluminized plastic orbiting the earth 1000 miles up.

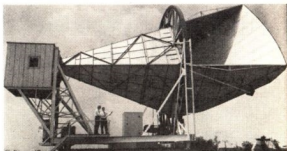
Dramatic application of telephone science

Sponsored by NASA, this dramatic experiment—known as "Project Echo"—relied heavily on telephone science for its fulfillment...

- The Delta rocket which carried the satellite into space was steered into a precise orbit by the Bell Laboratories Command Guidance System. This is the same system which recently guided the remarkable Tiro I weather satellite into its near-perfect circular orbit.
- To pick up the signals, a special horn-reflector antenna was used. Previously perfected by Bell Laboratories for microwave radio relay, it is virtually immune to common radio "noise" interference. The amplifier—also a Laboratories development—was a traveling wave "maser" with very low noise susceptibility. The signals were still further protected from noise by a special FM receiving technique invented at Bell Laboratories.

"Project Echo" foreshadows the day when numerous man-made satellites might be in orbit all around the earth, acting as 24-hour-a-day relay stations for TV programs and phone calls between all nations.

This experiment shows how private enterprise can help advance space communication. Just as the Bell System pioneered in world-wide telephone service by radio and cable, so we are pioneering now in using outer space to improve communications on earth. It's a natural part of our job, and we are already a long way toward the goal.



Giant ultra-sensitive horn-reflector antenna which received signals bounced off the satellite. It is located at Bell Telephone Laboratories, Holmdel, New Jersey.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

SPACE

Bringing Them Back Alive

It was the Russians who last week achieved the greatest advance yet made in man's venture into space. Belka and Strelka, two female dogs in a Soviet space capsule, rounded the earth 17 times while Russian scientists watched them on television, and then, at the Russians' electronic command, glided down to earth alive.

In the space race, the Russians clearly won last week's lap (see SCIENCE), as the Americans won the previous week's. Earth-bound spectators checked off their score cards:

- ☐ Space vehicles launched: U.S. 26, Soviet Union 8.
- ☐ Vehicles still in space: U.S. 16, Soviet Union 3.
- ☐ Still sending data to earth: U.S. 9, Soviet Union 1.
- ☐ Capsules recovered from space orbits: U.S. 2, Soviet Union 1.

The Russians were far ahead in the ability to send up payload weights. The Russian "space menagerie" weighed 10,143 lbs., twice as much as the heaviest U.S. load put into space. The menagerie's capsule was big enough for two or three men. The U.S. appears ahead in refinement of miniature instruments, but Russia achieves plenty of sophistication with its bigger devices. And by their own claims, the Russians are ahead in accuracy: their space menagerie, they said,



Walter Bennett

JOHNSON

The storms came early and from unexpected directions.



Edward Clark—LIFE

LODGE

landed only six miles from the target point (undisclosed).

In Washington the Administration saluted the Russians for "a fine job." And a fine job it was, aiding not merely the Russian standing in the space race but the longer-range human adventures of science and exploration. Every lap completed in the space race, by whichever competitor, adds to the sum of mankind's knowledge and carries him closer to the stars.

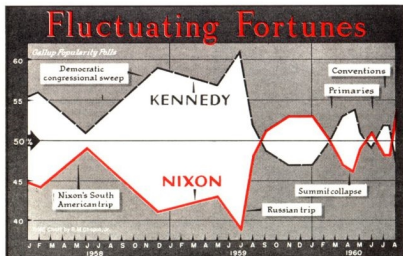
THE CAMPAIGN

First Turns

All political campaigns are different, but 1960 is clearly going to be more so. Both presidential candidates sat confined in the Senate chambers last week, eager to be somewhere else, and they were getting away whenever they could from a congressional rump session increasingly vituperative and unproductive. August is usually the quiet month when the candidates organize the fall's storms. But already the campaign was taking shape, and an unexpected one.

The Wavering South. The biggest surprise was the South. Barely two weeks ago, Lyndon Johnson cockily asked politicians and pundits in Washington to pick just four states they thought Nixon would carry. Johnson certainly figured on carrying the normally Democratic South with himself on the ticket. Nixon even planned to stay out of the South, counting it lost after Johnson was added to the Democratic ticket.

But when Nixon made a quick foray into North Carolina, he was stirred by the enthusiastic reception he got (see REPUBLICANS). Kennedy's Roman Catholicism was obviously hurting him in Baptist country. And Johnson was not proving to be the Southern darling everyone was led to believe. Wrote Richmond *News Leader* Editor James Kilpatrick fortnight ago: "If



Kennedy's advisers imagine the South has any deep affection for Lyndon Johnson, they are wholly mistaken. The Texan is widely regarded as a renegade, a turncoat, an opportunist who plays footsie with the liberal Negro bloc." Even in Lyndon Johnson's home state, a poll of newspaper publishers showed that, by a majority of 16 to 14, they expected Nixon to carry Texas. New York *Herald Tribune* Reporter (and Nixon Biographer) Earl Mazo returned from the South breathlessly convinced that if the election had been held last week, Nixon would have swept the entire Old Confederacy.

The Changing Poll. The first Gallup poll since the conventions showed a surprising switch. Just before the Democratic Convention, Kennedy led 52 to 48. Last week's poll showed Nixon 50%, Kennedy 44%, undecided 6%. Nixon forces were concerned as well as pleased by the poll. They privately agreed with the Kennedy forces that it was probably taken too soon after the impact of Nixon's successful acceptance speech to be a steady indicator, and feared a downturn next time. Nixon forces are convinced that the "undecideds" are far more than 6%—perhaps 25% of the vote.

In sharp contrast to Johnson, Nixon's running mate, Henry Cabot Lodge, has proved to be an underrated asset because of the favorable TV image he has projected over the years, talking back to the Russians in U.N. debates. A recent Gallup poll, designed to measure something called the "enthusiasm quotient," found that 45% of the people polled were "highly

favorable" to Lodge, and only 30% felt that way about Johnson.

The Waiting Game. Against all this, the Kennedy forces seem immersed in a profitless Congress session, busy patching up wounds inside the party and working in subterranean fashion on leaders of bloc interests. That is the necessary groundwork of successful organizing and calculated to pay off later, but it is not what inspires now. Kennedy efficiency is accepted; in fact, it is part of the commonly heard phrase that Nixon and Kennedy are two of a kind—organization men.

The Kennedy camp argued: Wait till the candidate steps out; wait till the public sees how well he squares off against Nixon in TV debate. And waiting seemed to be what a lot of Americans were doing.

On the basis of voter registration the Democrats are in the majority, and if by November Kennedy has pulled together all the Democratic potential, he could win. But for the moment, Richard Nixon seemed to be first off the launching pad.

THE CONGRESS

The Mess on the Hill

The postscript session of Congress degenerated, on the Senate side, into a sorry carnival of petty partisan squabbling. In the House, Speaker Sam Rayburn of Texas had passed the word that no important business would be transacted during the first week, so not enough Congressmen showed up in Washington to make a quorum. This would have been all right if nobody had called attention to

it, but the first morning, Iowa's cross-grained Republican H. R. Gross stood up and querulously demanded a quorum call. That was the end of the House's day. For the rest of the week, Gross kept the quorumless House in a legislative limbo.

Outburst of Wrangling. About the only person in Washington who seemed to be enjoying the mess on Capitol Hill was Dwight Eisenhower. The session had been designed by Democrats to make themselves look good, passing bills that would help them politically even if Ike vetoed them. But now Ike, in his newly awakened partisan spirit, was demanding that Congress enact 21 recommendations he had put forward. He even held a press conference for the second week in a row. "I don't see any reason why there shouldn't be some action," he told it, since "Congress passed in two weeks last year 436 bills."⁶

Richard Nixon, eager to hit the campaign trail, found the short session a nuisance; Jack Kennedy found it a calamity. Kennedy staffers grumbled that Lyndon Johnson had ordered up the session to promote his own vain presidential bid. Muttered one Kennedy man: "This is Lyndon's session, not ours."

While Kennedy burned, the Senate fiddled. Ohio Democrat Stephen Young triumphantly proclaimed that he had clocked Vice President Nixon's presence in his presiding officer's chair the previous week: only 2 hours 55 minutes 40 seconds. That touched off a fresh outburst of partisan wrangling, this time about Jack Kennedy's spotty Senate attendance record. Sneered Arizona's Barry Goldwater at one point: "Where is the distinguished Senator from Massachusetts? I do not know. He might be on his yacht." Warned Connecticut Democrat Thomas Dodd, in the Senate's most undeniably accurate statement of the week: "The guests in the galleries must get a very poor impression of the greatest deliberative body in the world."

Cliffhanging Vote. Midweek came before Jack Kennedy could bring to a vote his "must" bill to lift the federal minimum wage from \$1 to \$1.25 (see box). Delay had given opponents extra time to arm themselves, and amendments came hurtling at Kennedy from both sides of the aisle. Florida Democrat Spessard Holland wanted to strike out coverage of retail workers (beaten 56 to 39). Minority Leader Everett McKinley Dirksen put up an Administration-favored proposal to set the minimum wage at \$1.15 instead of \$1.25, and expand coverage to include only 2,000,000 additional workers instead of the Kennedy bill's 5,000,000 (beaten 54 to 39). The most formidable threat came from a fellow middle-road Democrat, Oklahoma's Mike Monroney, who wanted to restrict coverage to firms operating in two or more states. Counting noses, Jack Kennedy saw himself in danger of a humiliating defeat, and compromised. He was "prepared to accept some

THE MINIMUM-WAGE CONTROVERSY

IN 1938, after a hard battle with the U.S. Supreme Court, Franklin Roosevelt finally got a constitutionally acceptable federal minimum wage law enacted. The Fair Labor Standards Act set 25¢ an hour as the national minimum wage, with an automatic increase to 40¢ in 1945; it also provided for time-and-a-half for overtime in a work-week gradually scaled down from 44 to 40 hours. The law covered only workers in major industries engaged in interstate commerce—it was mainly aimed at the plight of poorly paid textile workers in the South, did nothing for housemaids or migrant farm workers. Congress raised the minimum to 75¢ in 1949, to \$1 in 1955. This week Congress will try to resolve the wide differences between John Kennedy's bill, passed last week by the Senate, and a less generous House bill passed in June.

The Senate Bill adds some 4,050,000 workers to the 24 million already covered in a U.S. labor force of 73 million. To newly covered workers, the bill provides a sliding scale rising from \$1 an hour in 1961, without overtime, to \$1.25 an hour in 1964, with time-

and-a-half after 40 hours. For workers already under the minimum-wage tent, the bill lifts the national minimum to \$1.15 in 1961, and another 5¢ an hour in 1962 and 1963. Among the newcomers: workers in retail or service businesses with annual gross revenue of more than \$1,000,000; employees of gas stations grossing \$250,000 a year or more; transit workers, certain laundry workers and switchboard operators. Most controversial point in the bill: a clause extending wage floors in certain cases where employees only "affect" (rather than "engage in") interstate commerce. Senate conservatives say this is unconstitutional, would open the door to federal intervention in intrastate commerce.

The House Bill pretty much resembles what President Eisenhower has indicated he would accept. The bill extends coverage to 1,400,000 workers, principally employees of retail chains with five or more stores in at least two states. For the store clerks, the House bill provides a flat \$1-an-hour minimum, with no overtime provisions. For workers already covered, the minimum would rise to \$1.15 an hour on Jan. 1,

⁶ Most of the 436 bills were minor items of the private-relief sort that slide into law without a word of floor debate.

changes in other parts of the bill," he said, if the Monroney amendment was rejected. The amendment lost by a cliff-hanging 50 to 48 (near the tail end of the roll call, Vermont Republican Winston Prouty altered his intended yea to a nay to save Dick Nixon from the embarrassment of having to break a tie).

Kennedy agreed to give up guaranteeing workers in hotels, motels and restaurants the new minimum. Thereupon the bill finally passed, 62 to 34.

Republicans were winning no prizes for statesmanship, but Democrats privately feared that they themselves were losing more by the session. The public, the argument ran, is mindful of the two-thirds Democratic majorities in both houses, tends to blame the Democrats for congressional misbehavior and for bills unpassed. Growled Montana's Mike Mansfield, the Democratic whip: "The sooner we get out of here, the better it will be for the Democrats."

POLITICS

The African Question

The edgy jockeying going on in both presidential camps could be seen in all its angry and ridiculous aspects last week in a row over a remote question: Who would have the privilege of paying for \$100,000 worth of plane fares to the U.S. for 250 African students? What made the question politically explosive was that the two rival contenders for the privilege were Richard M. Nixon (through the U.S. State Department) and John F. Kennedy (through his family's charitable foundation).

A Matter of Policy. After months of turn-downs, small hellos and evasions, the sponsors of the student airlift found themselves suddenly in the chips and in the news. All of the 250 students come from Kenya and other British areas in East Africa, and had been largely rounded up by Kenya Labor Leader Tom Mboya. A U.S. organization called the African American Students Foundation lined up scholarships for them at U.S. universities and colleges. The big need was transportation money. In December and again in January, the foundation asked the State Department for a \$100,000 grant. The answer was a firm no from Career Diplomat Joseph C. Satterthwaite, chief of the State Department's African Desk. His reason was impeccable: the State Department freely helps students from independent new nations, but in colonial or trust territories, the department deals directly with the governing power; in short, State tries not to butt in too much in the British territory. A New York Negro named Frank Montero, president of the student foundation, wrote to Nixon, recalling his interest in Africa and asking for his help. Nixon turned Montero's request over to Satterthwaite, who promptly rejected it for the third time.

Visiting the U.S. in July, Mboya wanted to meet both candidates. Nixon was busy in Chicago at the G.O.P. convention; Mboya sought out Jack Kennedy at his Hyannisport retreat. Concerned about the wavering U.S. Negro vote,



Tommy Weber
STUDENTS' FRIEND MONTERO
After three noes . . .

Kennedy offered to contribute part of the airlift expenses from his family's Joseph P. Kennedy Jr. Foundation (named after the brother killed in World War II) and to look around for other private funds to help the grounded students. Sargent Shriver, Kennedy's brother-in-law and managing director of the family foundation, found no uncommitted funds in other charitable foundations, in the end recommended that the Kennedy Foundation put up the entire \$100,000, and provide unstipulated help for students during their stay in the U.S.

When word of all this leaked out, the Nixon camp quickened its interest in the African airlift. Among U.S. Negroes, onetime Baseball Star Jackie Robinson is about the hottest Nixon supporter



Hast Walter-Lutz
STATE DEPARTMENT'S SATTERTHWAITE
. . . a double yea.

around. He called Nixon in Washington, and the Vice President assigned James Shepley, his campaign research chief,* to badger the State Department once more.

Last week, half an hour before Montero met with Shriver in Washington to work out a final agreement, Shepley called with the glad tidings: the State Department had reversed itself and was ready to put up the \$100,000 grant after all. Jubilant over the sudden outpouring of funds, Montero accepted the Kennedy money, hopefully assumed that the State Department money would also be available for the student program.

A Matter of Politics. Pennsylvania's acidulous Senator Hugh Scott announced that the students would be coming to the U.S. on a State Department grant, and Jackie Robinson happily reported the news in his New York Post column. Then, when Senator Scott learned that the Kennedys, and not the Government, would be picking up the tab, he took to the Senate floor in a boiling rage to denounce the Kennedys and their foundation. "The long arm of the family of the junior Senator from Massachusetts has reached out and attempted to pluck this project away from the U.S. Government," Scott rumbled. "At this moment, they appear to have been successful." He hinted at a possible investigation of "the questionable uses to which a supposedly charitable, tax-exempt money pot can be put."

Scott's denunciation brought Jack Kennedy to his feet to denounce him for the "most unfair, distorted and malignant attack I have heard in 14 years in politics." In a voice choked with emotion, Kennedy read a telegram from Montero. It was "regrettable," it ran, "that Senator Scott would attempt to reap political advantage from this nonpolitical educational program . . . The fact is, the State Department has repeatedly turned a cold shoulder to the airlift Africa program . . . On Monday of this week the State Department suddenly took interest in the project," Kennedy had been having hard sledding in Congress all week, but Scott's attack turned sympathy toward him. Minnesota's Democratic Senator Eugene McCarthy called Scott's speech a specimen of "Political Murder, Inc." and Nixon obliquely disowned it. Suddenly it was not the Kennedy camp but the Nixon camp that was asked to explain. "Who is Mr. Shepley?" Arkansas' William Fulbright, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, wanted to know. "I tried to get money for students who were to come from Egypt, and we secured only part of the funds requested. I could not do it. How in the world can Mr. Shepley go down to the State Department and within a few days get \$100,000 for this purpose?" To get an answer to that question, Fulbright sent an ultimatum to Secretary of State Christian Herter, demanding a full explanation of the reversal.

As the thunder died away toward week's end, it seemed that the only sure winners were the African students.

* On leave from his job as chief of TIME and LIFE domestic correspondents.

The Religion Issue (Contd.)

Pausing in Geneva while preparing for his two-month crusade in Switzerland and West Germany, Evangelist Billy Graham plunged into U.S. politics by announcing that religion—meaning John F. Kennedy's Roman Catholicism—was a legitimate issue in the campaign and would be decisive in the outcome. "A man's religion cannot be separated from his person," said North Carolina Baptist Graham. "The religious issue is deeper than in 1928. People are better informed today." Protestants might be hesitant to vote for Kennedy, Graham added, because the Roman Catholic Church is "not only a religious but also a secular institution, with its own ministers and ambassadors."

In Knoxville, Tenn., one Loretta Clotfelter filed a separate-maintenance suit in domestic-relations court, charged that her husband Joe would not let her take their three-year-old son to a Baptist church, Joe's reason, according to his wife: "Baptist preachers are against Kennedy for President."

THE PRESIDENCY A Spectator, in a Way

Defining his role in the campaign, President Eisenhower told his press conference last week that he would be "just a spectator, in a way." But a moment later he made it clear he was ready to be a hard-rooting spectator, and would deliver a series of speeches for Nixon-Lodge. "I don't know how many. But they will give me their ideas and if I agree, why, that is what I will do, because I am going to do

whatever I can to elect Mr. Nixon and Mr. Lodge, and you can bet on that."

Except for four "nonpolitical" speaking engagements—three in one day (Sept. 26) in Philadelphia and Manhattan, one in Detroit (Oct. 17)—and two televised political speeches, one on election eve, Ike's campaign schedule is far from firm, but his strategic approach has already been settled on. His No. 1 campaign task: wooing the independents whose help Nixon needs most. Even in avowedly political speeches, the White House indicated, Ike would not attack Democrats in general. "New Deal Democrats" or "spending Democrats" (both bad) would be contrasted with "discerning Democrats" (who might be won to Nixon).

For one evening last week, the President was indeed just a spectator—at his first baseball game since the season's opener. With him were two of his four grandchildren: David, 12, and Barbara Anne, 11. Despite the lopsided score (Boston 11, Washington 3), the President stuck it out to the end of the ninth. "My grandchildren wouldn't let me leave," he explained.

REPUBLICANS Surprise in Dixie

Sensing a political wind shift in the South, Richard Nixon last week made a hastily arranged five-hour test run into North Carolina. The reception he got astonished him and everybody else.

At the Greensboro-High Point airport, 500 Carolinians rushed up to Nixon's plane to greet him. He was well prepared: besieged for autographs, he reached into his pocket for cards he had machine-

signed earlier. At Greensboro's War Memorial Auditorium, which can be used for either summer ice skating or speechmaking, the G.O.P. had decided on "An Evening of Skating and Coffee with Dick and Pat," on the ground that with the rink open, fewer seats would have to be filled. But a crowd of 9,000 jammed the hall and spilled into the aisles. Another 2,500 found seats in an adjoining auditorium, where speeches were piped in. Still another 1,500 milled outside. Police turned back 1,000 cars because the coliseum parking lot was filled bumper to bumper.

Forthright Answer. Nixon reminded North Carolinians that he had lived in the South, indeed had spent three years at the Duke University Law School in Durham, N.C., and knew that civil rights are "a difficult and complex problem." He had a forthright answer to a question about the Southwide Negro sit-in movement begun in Greensboro last February: "Any American is entitled to go into a store to buy products, and should have the same right as any other American to use all the facilities of that store without discrimination." And without saying anything to lose any Negro votes, he got over the idea that the Republican civil rights plank was less drastic than the Democratic.

Flying back to Washington that night, Nixon was obviously awed by the enthusiasm he had met. "That is the kind of crowd you get in the last weeks of a campaign," he said. "There is something happening down there. We are going to have to look at these Southern states again."

Good Listener. Greensboro was the week's lone occasion when Nixon went to the people. For the rest of the time, people came to him. Among them: Cinematographer George Murphy and Actress Helen Hayes, to report formation of a "Celebrities for Nixon Committee" ("Anyone who considers himself a celebrity," said a Nixon aide, "is eligible to join"). The heads of the Big Three farm organizations, the American Farm Bureau Federation, the National Grange and the National Farmers Union, came by to talk farm policy. Said Farmers Union President James Patton afterwards: "He had some very worthwhile ideas . . . I also found him to be a good listener."

Nixon also met with the 16 businessmen, professors and scientists of his brain trust, including Harvard Law Professor Lon Fuller. Nixon's onetime law teacher at Duke. Drawing on their ideas, Nixon plans to issue a series of study papers on campaign issues, started the flow last week with a 30-page report on "The Meaning of Communism to Americans."

DEMOCRATS Peace Missions

Too tied down in Congress to get in any campaigning out among the voters, Jack Kennedy made time for peacemaking pilgrimages to two famous Democrats who had rapped him sharply in recent memory. Early in the week he flew up to Hyde Park, N.Y., to spend a couple of



NIXON & NORTH CAROLINA FANS
Another look at the South.

Associated Press

hours placating Eleanor Roosevelt, who had fervently backed Adlai Stevenson for the presidential nomination, but now decided that the man she once called immature would do. At week's end Jack headed out to Independence, Mo. to mollify Harry Truman.

Truman, already considerably mollified by phone calls from Kennedy and visits from his envoys, was waiting for Kennedy on the steps of the Truman Library. "Hello, Mr. President," said Kennedy. "How are you?" Beamed the 76-year-old Truman: "Come on in here, young man. I want to talk to you alone." With a hand on Kennedy's elbow, Truman steered him away from Traveling Companions Stuart Symington and Democratic Chairman Henry Jackson for a 30-minute private talk. Obviously enjoying himself, the ex-President then led Kennedy to the library's auditorium, dominated a press conference attended by three dozen newsmen who had followed Kennedy west. Did Truman, they asked, still consider the Los Angeles convention rigged and the candidate immature? Said Truman, a smile flickering on his face: "The Democratic National Convention decided to nominate him for President. The convention is the law for the Democratic Party. I am a Democrat and I follow the law."

After the press conference, Truman took Kennedy on a tour of the library, played him *The Blackhawk Waltz* on the piano.

From Independence, Kennedy flew to Omaha for a visit to Strategic Air Command headquarters, and then on to Des Moines for a meeting with Democratic farm leaders from 14 states. Kennedy said he had come to Des Moines to learn from the farmers, but he took advantage of the occasion to trundle out his first farm speech of the campaign. It was aimed not so much at farmers' problems as at Richard Nixon and unpopular Agriculture Secretary Ezra Taft Benson, Nixon's heaviest political burden in the Farm Belt. Said Kennedy: "Their candidate, they say, has experience in the executive branch. He has participated in its decisions. He has shared in its responsibilities. He has been educated in its programs. When it comes to agriculture, I can only say that disaster has been his experience and Benson has been his teacher." The basic rule of Kennedy's farm-vote strategy, it seemed clear, was going to be: keep Benson on Nixon's back.

DEFENSE

On Target

If it should ever come to nuclear retaliation, the U.S. has to be sure that the right targets are chosen in advance, that each target is assigned to some bomber or missile force, and that striking power is not wasted through duplication. As long as the Strategic Air Command held a near monopoly on the U.S.'s long-range striking power, strategic targeting was no major Pentagon problem. But the Navy's long-range carrier bombers were hard to fit in, and the Air Force had no authority



KENNEDY & TRUMAN (CENTER: SYMINGTON)
A second look at the young man.

to assign targets to Navy units. The development of the Navy's new Polaris missile-submarine system makes the problem even more acute. An interservice coordinating committee, meeting twice a year to work out targeting plans, failed to solve the problem.

Last week Defense Secretary Thomas S. Gates, 54, called seven top U.S. generals and admirals from command posts around the world to a meeting at the Pentagon and set forth a new plan. Gates is a normally reticent fellow who served as Under Secretary of the Navy, Secretary of the Navy and Deputy Secretary of Defense before taking over the top defense job late last year. He came out of the meeting calling it "my greatest decision in my eight years in the Pentagon."

His decision amounts to an imaginative compromise between what the Strategic Air Command wanted and what the Navy wanted. SAC proposed that all strategic weapons be brought under the command of SAC headquarters in Omaha. The Navy, which has to allow for its carriers and subs moving around from place to place, wanted its own target assignments to be left up to Navymen.

Under the Gates plan, strategic targeting will be worked out by a new interservice strategic planning committee, headquartered at SAC in Omaha and headed by SAC Commander General Thomas S. Power. The committee's plans will go to the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who have authority to order individual commanders in all three services to follow through. The new committee will keep constant check on the interlocking U.S. strategic forces scattered around the world, keep designated targets under constant

cover by one force or another. Said Secretary Gates: "The big difference in the way we're doing things now and will do them in the future is drawn by two words—coordination, as it was done, and integration, as it will be done."

ARMED FORCES

The Quiet Ones

At West Point, he was a "Clean Sleeve"—neither scholar, nor athlete, nor class leader. "No one," says a classmate, "would have expected him to become the first general in his class, or any general at all, as far as that goes." But in his quiet, unobtrusive way, Lyman L. Lemnitzer (TIME cover, May 11, 1959) climbed to the very top of the Army ladder. A World War II specialist in logistical problems, he drew up plans for the 1942 invasion of Africa, negotiated the German surrender in Italy in 1945, but remained enough of a combat soldier to go to parachute school at 51 and earn the Silver Star under fire while commanding the 7th Infantry Division in Korea. Commander of the U.N. forces in Korea (1953-57), he became Army Vice Chief of Staff in 1957, then Chief of Staff in 1959. Last week President Eisenhower announced that sometime Clean Sleeve Lemnitzer, 61, would be the next Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, top post in the U.S. armed forces.

Lemnitzer will replace ailing Air Force General Nathan F. Twining, 62, who underwent surgery for lung cancer last year. Twining, after serving the normal two-year term, stayed on for a second at President Eisenhower's urging. When Lemnitzer moves up, probably in late September, his successor as Army Chief of Staff



U.S. Army

ARMY CHIEF OF STAFF DECKER

A new argument against an old notion.

will be Four-Star General George Henry Decker, 58, who is even calmer and quieter than Lemnitzer. "You could set a bomb off under his desk and he wouldn't turn a hair," a fellow officer once said. He, too, specialized in logistics during World War II, but won a Silver Star in combat in New Guinea. Army Comptroller in 1952-55 and later commander of the U.N. forces in Korea, Decker succeeded Lemnitzer as Vice Chief of Staff in 1959. A graduate of Lafayette College, General Decker provides one more argument against the widespread notion that only a West Point graduate can reach the top in the U.S. Army. Of the 21 men to become Army Chief of Staff since the system was set up in 1903, he is the seventh who never attended West Point.®

The 20-Mile Fall

The Air Force's steel-nerved Captain Joseph W. Kittinger Jr. has spent more time up in the atmosphere's cold, thin-aided outer reaches than any man alive. Three years ago, to test body reactions at high altitudes, Kittinger rode a gondola to 96,000 ft. above sea level. Twice he has made record parachute jumps of more than 70,000 ft. Last week red-haired Joe Kittinger, 32, shattered his own marks for both going up and coming down.

Before dawn on the day of his latest and greatest venture into space, he arrived by helicopter at the launching site at New Mexico's Holloman Air Force Base, climbed into an air-conditioned van to don his Buck Rogersish pressurized space suit, and to begin two hours of inhaling pure oxygen (to get his red blood cells loaded

up with an extra supply). Shortly before zero hour, 5:30 a.m., he staggered from the van, his 165-lb. frame laden with 155 lbs. of clothing and equipment, including an experimental stabilizing parachute designed to prevent dangerous high-altitude spin—during which blood collects in the extremities—without slowing the rate of descent.

Up, Up, Up. As the ground crew filled his 400-ft. balloon with helium, Kittinger climbed awkwardly into the open gondola. Promptly at 5:30, the ground crew unleashed the tugging balloon and Kittinger started soaring off into space. As the atmosphere thinned out, he noticed that one of his pressure gloves wasn't working right, was cutting off circulation and causing his hand to swell. Being Joe Kittinger, he did not mention that detail in his radio reports to the ground until it was too late for the medical team to order him down without completing his mission.

High above the earth, Kittinger studied a frontier that few men have seen. "Up there," he recalled afterwards, "the sky looked dark enough to see stars as one would at twilight on earth."

Up, up, up the balloon rose, to 98,800 ft. above the ground (102,800 ft. above sea level), higher than any human being had ever soared before in nonpowered flight.® Shortly after 7 a.m., Kittinger ticked off his 90-second countdown in radio communication with the ground. Then he "asked the Lord for help," flopped over the side of the gondola, and began his long fall—nearly 20 miles.

Down, Down, Down. Within 18 seconds, Kittinger's stabilizing chute opened, but for more than four minutes more he

® But short of the 131,000 ft. reached three weeks ago by Major Robert White in an Air Force X-15 plane (TIME, Aug. 28), Kittinger's climb broke the existing world record of 102,000 ft., set by Air Force Lieut. Colonel David Simons (TIME, May 26, 1958).

plummeted in free fall, reaching a velocity of 614 m.p.h. "I fell on my right side for about eight seconds," he says. "Then I found myself on my back watching the balloon recede above me. The sky was almost black. It was a beautiful thing to see. I had a sensation of lying still while the balloon raced away from me. I didn't feel hot or cold, just the right temperature. There was very little spinning. At 18,000 ft., the regular chute opened automatically. Ten minutes from then I was down."

Kittinger landed unhurt, lay helpless on his back until helicopters brought a team to rescue him. "I'm very glad to be back among you," he grinned. Kittinger will receive an oak-leaf cluster for his Distinguished Service Cross.

LOUISIANA

Block Those Kids!

While running for Governor at the turn of the year, Louisiana's ballad-singing, guitar-plunking Jimmie (*You Are My Sunshine*) Davis vowed that he would rather go to jail than see Negro children admitted to the state's white schools. He might not be heading for jail, but Davis tangled with a federal court last week to head off an approaching platoon of Negro first-graders.

Last May the federal district court in New Orleans ordered public schools in Orleans Parish—New Orleans and vicinity—to integrate their first grades this fall. To get around the ruling, Davis' legislature passed laws vesting in itself the sole authority to reclassify the state's white and Negro schools, and empowering the Governor to seize schools to prevent any court-directed integration. Under those provisions, Davis last week, by executive order, took personal control of Orleans Parish schools and authorized Superintendent James F. Redmond, as the Governor's "agent," to open schools in



KITTINGER SAFELY LANDED AFTER RECORD JUMP
A frontier few men have seen.

Associated Press

® The others: Samuel B.M. Young, 1903-64 (Johnson College); Adna R. Chaffee, 1904-06 (Tufts College); John C. Bates, 1906 (Washington University); Leonard Wood, 1910-14 (Harvard); William W. Waterspoon, 1914 (no college); George C. Marshall, 1939-45 (Virginia Military Institute).

September with a policy of segregation as usual.

Lawyers for the N.A.A.C.P. quickly secured a federal court order summoning Governor Davis to defend his action in a hearing this week. Just as quickly, the Governor decided to go catfishing, well out of subpoena range. Unable to track him down, U.S. deputy marshals lamely delivered three summonses: two left at Davis' office and one dropped at the feet of a state trooper who answered the door at the Governor's mansion.

N.A.A.C.P. lawyers promised that, no matter whether Davis accepts his summons or not, Negro first-graders will show up at white schools on opening day, Sept. 7. Even some convinced segregationists felt that, at best, Davis' maneuvers would only stall the inevitable a little. Lloyd Rittner, president of the Orleans Parish school board, had three little words for Davis' catfish caper: "It won't work."

ARKANSAS

Prophecy by Faubus

In Orval Faubus' Arkansas, still beclouded by the storms that Faubus stirred up in Little Rock three years ago, it is a big and scary decision for a school board to assign a Negro pupil to an all-white school. Last week, after a long spell of foot dragging, the Dollarway school board at the segregationist stronghold of Pine Bluff (pop. 40,000) got up its nerve, and in minimum compliance with a 1959 federal court order, hand-picked six-year-old Delores Jean York, daughter of a Negro mill hand, to enter the first grade of the all-white Dollarway public school. "First-graders," the board said hopefully, "do not have prejudices and fixed ideas concerning traditions to the extent that older students have." But if first-graders had no formal prejudices, Governor Faubus had. In the same kind of meddling that encouraged the racists in Little Rock, Faubus rumbled that if integration comes to Dollarway, there will be "a strong possibility of trouble."

WOMEN

Light from a Little Candle

Huddled under twin mountain peaks that the Indians called Wab-Hah-Toyas (Breasts of the World), the Colorado town of Walsenburg is a battered relic of the Old West, scarred by deserted downtown stores, unpainted houses, potholed streets. Once a thriving coal town, Walsenburg sank into slow decline when its customers started switching to oil and gas in the 1920s. The population gradually shrank by one-third, to 5,500, and the town's prime source of income became federal and state welfare handouts. Then, last year, the exasperated women of Walsenburg rebelled.

New Brooms. A dozen women, fed up with the male politicians who had increased municipal debt while letting the town decay, formed their own "United for Walsenburg" party, drafted a stern austerity platform calling for prompt payment of



CITY COUNCIL MEETING IN WALSENBURG*
Perhaps a statue to the husbands.

Myron Wood

the town's debts and no salaries for the mayor and town council. The women pored over civics textbooks, stormed into meetings of the all-male city council, journeyed to Denver to seek advice from Democratic Governor Stephen McNichols. Though Walsenburg had never before elected a woman to any office, the United party put up a slate of seven of them, recruited women volunteers to ring doorbells, pilot sound trucks up and down the streets, and haul voters to the polls in cars and station wagons. Mrs. Betty Kalmes, 34, echoed an old Chinese proverb: "We decided it was better to light one little candle than to curse the darkness."

The people of Walsenburg saw the light. Last November they elected six of the seven women candidates—three to the top city jobs of mayor, city clerk, treasurer, and three others to the eight-member city council (where the women, though outnumbered 5 to 3 by men, usually manage to get their way because two of the men support their reforms). Taking office in January, City Clerk Doris Caine, 26, widowed mother of two children, found a disorder that shocked her womanly eyes: sheets were missing from city ledgers, texts of some city ordinances were gone, and some city financial transactions had apparently never been recorded at all. City Treasurer Ann Christiansen, 44, discovered that the general fund was down to \$432 and that Walsenburg was wallowing in the red by \$20,813.75.

Sweeping Clean. Under Mayor Ethel Stacy, wife of a retired rancher, the women briskly set about cleaning up the mess. By delaying municipal paychecks, the women wiped out Walsenburg's \$5,333.75 debt of back taxes owed to the state.

They chucked out the \$115,169 budget that the men had left them, got the new total down to \$89,176.51 by bumping one policeman and one city street sweeper, voting down the scheduled purchase of a new police car and a street-cleaning machine (under the new regime, inmates of the city jail sweep the streets). Serving without pay themselves, the women slashed the salary of City Attorney Angelo Mosco, long a political power in Walsenburg, from \$1,744.50 to \$800 a year. Mosco brought charges of malfeasance against Mayor Stacy & Co. in the state district court, lost his case. Some months later, the women of Walsenburg dealt Mosco an even unkindlier cut: they asked him to serve without any salary at all, and then, when he refused, fired him outright.

Last week, with the women in charge, once-dying Walsenburg was abuzz with hopes, plans and signs of progress. A timber company from Colorado Springs was getting ready to move into Walsenburg, build a sawmill and start cutting away at a vast stand of ponderosa pine that the U.S. Forest Service, at the women's urging, had opened up to lumber operations. A newly created Walsenburg planning commission scheduled its first meeting for this week, hopes to bring in additional industries under an offer of free land for manufacturing sites.

Having won their victory, the women of Walsenburg were now making peace with the men. To the new planning commission, Mayor Stacy appointed three men, only two women. "I thought this would be a diplomatic move," she explained. Mused Mariann Mauro, a United party founder: "One of the first things we ought to do is erect a statue to all the patient husbands of Walsenburg."

* Also the motto of the Christophers, a Roman Catholic-sponsored organization of leaders in education, government, journalism and the arts.

* From left: Councilwoman Marie Pavlick, City Attorney Mosco, Mayor Stacy, City Clerk Caine.

FOREIGN NEWS



POWERS ON THE STAND IN MOSCOW'S HALL OF COLUMNS
Simple cooperation was the only path to survival.

RUSSIA

The Boy from Virginia

Q. What is your profession?

A. Pilot.

Q. What place of work?

A. Detachment 10-10 at Adana, Turkey.

Q. When did you receive the order to fly over Soviet territory?

A. In the morning on May 1.

Q. Where did you receive the order to fly to the Soviet Union?

A. In the town of Peshawar in Pakistan.

Thus, in the flat accents of Pound, Va., U-2 Pilot Francis Gary Powers began to describe his part in one of history's most celebrated—and, until his mishap, most successful—espionage operations.

The many-columned courtroom where Powers was brought to trial after 108 days in solitary confinement had seen history made before; in the days when it was

still the Noblemen's Club, Pushkin and Tolstoy relaxed there, later the bodies of Lenin and Stalin lay there in state. But Powers seemed unmindful of history, and the faraway cities of which he talked were apparently little more than dots on the map to him. A man who by his testimony belonged to no political party and had never voted, Powers was simply an expert airplane chauffeur describing his trade. "I don't know," he said when asked about the workings of the U-2's phenomenal electronic brain. "I just turned on the switches." How did he get into the spy game? "I felt lucky to get such a good job—flying service with a big salary."

Showpiece. To demonstrate to the world through this uncomplicated flyer the "insane aggressiveness" of the U.S., Nikita Khrushchev had set up a show trial that evoked memories of Stalin's purge productions of the 1930s. All morning long in the cold Moscow rain, the

black ZIM limousines rolled up to the court to disgorge Soviet Russia's Reddest-blooded aristocrats, including Khrushchev's daughter Elena. Out of the unaccustomed luxury of one of the ZIMs stepped Powers' wife, Barbara, 25, poised and cool in black, flanked by her mother and two lawyers. From another emerged her father-in-law, Oliver Powers, a 55-year-old cobbler whose last trip out of his hill country had been a visit to Atlanta and Washington in 1935. Hopelessly, Powers tried to comfort his wife Ida. "They'll know he's a good boy like he's always been," he said. "We'll have him back real soon."

Inside, under brilliant chandeliers, a theater bell called the audience to their seats, just as for the concerts that often fill the hall. As Powers mounted the six steps to the stage and stood gripping the wooden slats of the defendant's box, his wife, at the opposite end of the hall, buried her face in her hands. But Powers, despite his baggy, Russian-made double-breasted suit, looked fit and to all appearances unbrainwashed. When newsmen murmured about a bruise on his neck, Ida Powers set the record straight. "It's a birthmark," she said. "Yes, indeed, that's the first thing we saw about him when they brought him to the bed in Burdine, Kentucky, 31 years ago today."

With Regrets. Powers began his birthday by pleading "Yes. I am guilty" to a 4,000-word indictment. Acknowledged as a spy by his own Government, he obviously saw cooperation with his captors as the only path to survival and dutifully professed his penitence. In jail, he had been allowed to talk to no one but his captors, had seen no Americans. "I understand that as a direct result of my flight, the summit conference did not take place," he said, "and President Eisenhower's visit

UPI



THE POWERS FAMILY HEARING VERDICT
"They'll know he's a good boy."

was called off. I am sincerely sorry I had anything to do with this." Insistently, Lieut. General Viktor Borisoglebsky, presiding judge of the three-man military tribunal, hammered at the point:

Q. Did you not think your flight might provoke armed conflict?

A. The people who sent me should think of these things.

Q. Did you not your country a good service or an ill service?

A. I would say a very ill service.

Along with his *mea culpa*, Powers calmly described the making of a U.S. aerial spy—a process so casual as to shock British intelligence experts who followed the trial. Toward the end of his Air Force hitch as a first lieutenant in 1936, he was "approached and interviewed" by Central Intelligence agents. He passed medical exams. "A special high-altitude suit was made for me and tested at a special chamber. My pay was to be \$2,500 monthly . . . approximately the same as the captain of an airliner." (From the Russian audience came gasps of astonishment.) About "six or seven months after the contract was signed," Powers learned that his duties might entail flights over Russia.

When Prosecutor Roman A. Rudenko (who was chief Soviet prosecutor at the Nürnberg war crimes trials) asked the size of his unit at Adana, Powers hesitated briefly before answering, "There are six civilian pilots." But he freely gave the name of the unit's commander, Colonel William Shelton, and equally freely confessed that, soaring far above the range of Russian fighters, he made "one or two" trips along the Soviet border in 1936, "six or eight" in 1937, "ten or fifteen" in 1938 and in 1939, and "one or two" in 1960. When the big order finally came, Powers picked up a sack of sandwiches from his wife and flew southeast with Colonel Shelton to Pakistan, stopping once to refuel along the way. ("I do not remember the name of the airfield. I think it could have been Bahrain.") His briefing from Shelton was short—an hour and a half in which "I barely had time to study my maps." Powers claimed no knowledge



INVESTIA'S VIEW OF THE TRIAL

of two unmarked survivor maps and the plea in 14 languages ("I need food and shelter; you will be rewarded") that the Russians claimed to have found in his flight suit. Said he: "Someone must have stuck them in my pockets."

The Black Cloth. To some of his countrymen, Powers seemed all too ready to name names and divulge secrets. But not all the victories in the trial went to Prosecutor Rudenko. Powers, wrote British Reporter James Morris in *Manchester's Guardian*, "presented himself as a poor deluded jerk from Virginia, a part that I suspect did not require much playing. But there are moments when he is suddenly master of the court, summoning from some unsuspected source of strength a remnant of good old-fashioned, down-to-earth American guts."

With unexpected wisdom, Powers avoided the worst sin a witness can commit: getting smart with the court. But when Prosecutor Rudenko seized on the fact that Cardinal Spellman had visited Adana to sneer "So Cardinal Spellman is interested in military bases," Powers replied quietly: "I would say Cardinal Spellman was interested in military personnel, not military bases." Despite all Rudenko's pressure, Powers refused to agree that his U-2 had no U.S. markings. And when Rudenko suggested that a mysterious piece of black cloth found in Powers' plane had been intended to serve as a kind of password when he reached the Norwegian airport of Bodo, Powers said dryly: "My plane was password enough."

When Rudenko tried to establish Khrushchev's boast that a Soviet rocket had scored a direct hit on the U-2 at 68,000 feet over Sverdlovsk, Powers did not dare to contradict the Russian claim directly, but stubbornly insisted that he had "no idea" what hit him. All he would say was "I heard and felt a hollow-sounding explosion. It seemed to be behind me and I could see an orange-colored light." To U.S. officials, who had heard Soviet radar stations track Powers' plane on a leisurely descent to 40,000 ft.,

this sounded like a guarded description of a jet flame-out, which is often accompanied by a jolting explosion of escaping gases at the plane's tail. It was noteworthy, too, that the prosecutor never brought up another sore point with Khrushchev & Co.: how many flights Powers' fellow U-2 pilots at Adana had made over the Russian heartland.

Socialist Humanitarianism. The summing up was the predictable set propaganda piece—one that the London *Times* dismissed as "crude stuff" and a "characteristic mistake by the Russians." To Prosecutor Rudenko, the trial "unmasked completely the criminal aggressive actions of the U.S. ruling quarters" and the "savage, man-hating ethics of Allen Dulles & Co., placing the dollar, this yellow devil, higher than human life." By way of defense, Powers' court-appointed attorney, Mikhail Grinev, who makes a good living losing cases he is expected to, tried to outdo the prosecution in attacking the U.S. Powers, he said, "should be joined in the dock by his masters, who attend this trial invisibly." Grinev in friendly fashion had told Powers' parents that "social factors are very important with our judiciary" and in his argument he stressed the family's hardscrabble hill-country life. Powers, he said, went to work for the CIA only because of "mass unemployment" in the U.S. Against Rudenko's suggested sentence of 15 years, Grinev asked for the minimum sentence, seven years. At the end Powers himself got a brief chance to plead, and said that he had never felt "any enmity whatsoever toward the Russian people." His voice was clear and strong. He did not join in his counsel's attack on the U.S., but neither did he disavow it. Apparently not aware that in Russia his defense attorney was as much the agent of the state as the prosecutor, he had let himself be persuaded to be pictured as a helpless tool of forces beyond him.

Having made its case, having denounced the act while seemingly showing its charity to the defendant, the court quickly sentenced Powers to ten years,



DEFENSE COUNSEL GRINEV
An appeal to the hardscrabble.



PROSECUTOR RUDENKO
An attack on the yellow devil.



Walter Doran

THE U.N.: DAG SPEAKS Some ways needed mending.

which it called an example of "socialist humanitarianism." By no coincidence, the trial wound up in exactly the three days for which the hall had been leased by the court.

Only then did Francis Powers get to meet his family. They sat about a small room behind the court for an hour, and though the Russians had laid out tea and caviar sandwiches, nobody had much appetite. Powers cried as he kissed Barbara. They talked glumly about mundane things: how to ship the furniture from Turkey to the U.S., whether to sell their car. For the next three years, Oliver Powers explained afterward, his son "will be working in a factory and confined to prison. After that he will serve seven years in a work camp studying the Communist system." But, deep in his heart, Oliver Powers clearly still hoped that an appeal to Nikita Khrushchev, off vacationing in the Crimea, might get Francis off much earlier.

No Nathan. What kind of welcome would Pilot Powers get when he finally makes it back home? "He's no Nathan Hale," grumped one U.S. official.

But the State Department quickly announced that it saw "nothing in his conduct to warrant prosecution," and President Eisenhower publicly "regretted the severity of the sentence."

As for Oliver Powers, he got fighting mad when his son's patriotism was even questioned. "I never wanted him to be a flyer," snapped Powers. "If he had told me the kind of work he was going to do in all those foreign countries, I'd have hallooed, 'Don't do it.'" Francis himself was apparently nervous about the nature of his defense and particularly about his lawyer's attacks on the U.S. "After all, I'm still an American," he told his family unhappily. But to Oliver Powers, such considerations seemed irrelevant. Breaking down at last, the father of the most notable U.S. spy since the Revolution sobbed bitterly: "God knows, I don't want to leave my boy in this country."

CONGO

The Edge of Anarchy

With a rare angry glint in his pale blue eyes, the U.N.'s Dag Hammarskjöld last week went on the offensive against Congolese Premier Patrice Lumumba. And well he might. The Congo's army was acting on its irresponsible own, the Congo's economy was stagnating, and its capital city chaotic and littered with trash. In such an hour, when he needed all the help he could get and his country needed all the stability it could muster, Lumumba jumped up and down in an insensate feud with the U.N. Compared with Lumumba, Hammarskjöld confided to associates, the most wild-eyed of fanatics he had run into in the Middle East during the Suez and Lebanon crises were "nice, quiet, conservative old gentlemen."

Chain of Letters. Lumumba seemed neither in effective control of his country nor of himself. He sent an irate note to Hammarskjöld accusing him of ignoring the Congo's central government, of "acting in connivance" with the secessionist regime in the Congo's Katanga province, and of deliberately misinterpreting his instructions from the U.N. Security Council. Then, blithely ignoring the fact that the U.N. had already dispatched 2,000 African (Moroccan, Mali and Ethiopian) troops to Katanga, Lumumba accused Dag of sending in only units from Ireland (there were no Irish troops in Katanga) and from Sweden, "a country known to have special affinities with the Belgian royal family." Hammarskjöld coldly replied that he had decided to return to New York to call another Security Council meeting. Lumumba thereupon demanded that Hammarskjöld postpone his departure for 24 hours so that the protesting Congolese delegation could hitch a ride on his plane. Dag Hammarskjöld

decided to leave the Congo immediately.

For an ex-post office clerk with a limited education, Lumumba was sending off some fairly polished and legalistic notes. Their phraseology led foreign diplomats to wonder who was writing the stuff. The answer seemed to be that Lumumba is now surrounded by a growing coterie of Red-lining advisers. Besides the Congo's latter-day Madame de Staël, handsome Leftist Andrée Blouin, who has volunteered her way into the most intimate Congo affairs (TIME, Aug. 15), Lumumba relies heavily on a Frenchman of Polish extraction named Serge Michel, until recently an aide to Algerian Rebel Leader Ferhat Abbas, is a radio and press "expert" who, in between polishing up Lumumba's speeches, last week was broadcasting appeals to the citizens of Léopoldville to spy on their neighbors and root out "saboteurs."

"I Give Up." It was not safe to be a peaceable U.N. employee in the Congo last week. Two U.N. officers were set upon and robbed by Lumumba's own official guards when they arrived to deliver a note from U.N. Special Representative Ralph Bunche. Combining the town for "Belgian" in disguise, Congolese police invaded Léopoldville's hotels in the early hours of the morning, turned out white occupants for inspection.

Next, Lumumba tried to grab control of Léopoldville's U.N.-run Ndjili Airport. First he got permission to station a few unarmed Congolese at the field. To every one's astonishment, he then arrived himself at the head of 114 soldiers, all armed to the teeth. Soon Congolese soldiers were arresting every "suspicious" U.N. man in sight. A group of Norwegian soldiers fresh in from Europe were held as "Belgian paratroopers," and a Pakistan colonel was threatened with bayonets. "I give up!" shouted a U.N. brigadier from Ghana



CONGO: RALPH BUNCHE WITH U.N. GENERALS VON HORN & ALEXANDER
Questions of softness.

throwing his garrison cap into the air in disgust after an argument with the Congo's comic-opera army commander. "This has become a complete farce!"

"A Banal Incident." For the U.N. the last straw came next day when Congolese troops spotted 14 Canadian servicemen in a plane about to leave Ndjili, decided that they, too, were Belgians. They knocked the Canadians to the ground to search them, pounded a Canadian captain into unconsciousness with a rifle butt, stripped the others of their wallets and watches. As Ghanaian troops moved in to intervene, the U.N.'s Indian Brigadier Inder J. Rikhye swooped down by helicopter from his Léopoldville headquarters. Livid with rage, he roared at the Congolese: "I order you off this airfield immediately!" Meekly they drifted away. Reinforced U.N. troops began putting up barbed wire barricades around the field with orders to shoot if any further armed Congolese showed up.

Canada sternly protested the incident, and angry Ralph Bunche went on Radio Léopoldville to complain on behalf of the U.N. "We have been subjected to senseless provocation," said Bunche sternly. Blandly, Lumumba brushed the affair off as "a banal incident . . . deliberately magnified by the Secretary-General."

Africans Alarmed. But with the episode, Lumumba had finally overreached himself. When his U.N. delegation at last arrived in New York (in a Soviet IL-18 turbojet), virtually the only voices raised in their favor were Communist. Echoing Moscow's radio blasts against Hammarskjöld, Soviet U.N. Delegate Vasily Kuznetsov protested that most of the U.N. technicians in the Congo had been recruited from Western countries, demanded that "armed groups from Canada" be withdrawn from the Congo, since Canada was a Belgian ally in NATO.



THE U.N.: CONGOLESE (DARK SUITS) LISTEN
Strange notes from the post office.

Walter Doran

Despite Russian efforts to pose as the protectors of African freedom, many African nations themselves were increasingly weary of Lumumba's troubling. Liberia's President William Tubman confessed he was "perplexed and frustrated" by Lumumba's attitude. Tunisia's President Habib Bourguiba declared that "there is a limit to how far Tunisia will go along with the Congo," and gave his support to Hammarskjöld.

Importing an Indian. In fact, the question now was not whether Hammarskjöld and the U.N. had interfered in the Congo, but whether they had taken a tough enough line. In a report to Ghana's President Kwame Nkrumah, British Major General Henry Alexander, head of Ghana's U.N. contingent, protested that he could not protect U.N. personnel if the "orders are to be passive resistance and noninterference" with the Congolese army, and by implication accused Ralph Bunche and Swedish General Carl von Horn, U.N. Military Commander in the Congo, of being too soft. Ghana's Nkrumah, who only three weeks ago threatened to march into Katanga at Lumumba's side, now found himself in the curious position of advising Hammarskjöld that his Ghanaian forces could bring the rampaging Congolese soldiers in Léopoldville "under effective control within one week."

Relieving Ralph Bunche, Hammarskjöld chose India's High Commissioner to Pakistan, respected Rajeshwar Dayal, 51, to serve as top U.N. representative in the Congo. Then he went before the Security Council to reject icily Lumumba's demand for control over U.N. operations in the Congo. Lumumba's behavior, said Hammarskjöld with unwonted acerbity, "gave an impression of deep distrust and hostility fomented for political ends" and called into question "the very dignity of [this] organization and the governments which it represents." Then, in a threat never before heard in the U.N.'s halls, Dag Hammarskjöld warned that unless Lumumba mended his ways the U.N.

might reconsider—that is, withdraw—its entire aid program in the Congo.

At week's end restless Africans in Léopoldville, faced with rising unemployment, shouted, "The government is bad. We want work," and a top leader of the big Abako party threatened to remove Lumumba "by legal or illegal means."

Congo might yet prove able to govern itself. But after two hectic months in office, Lumumba hardly seems the man for the job.

GREAT BRITAIN

Somebody Out There Likes Us

Britain's Peregrine Worsthorne, 36, is a tough-minded Tory journalist with scant regard for preconceived opinions—his own or anybody else's. Last week, fresh back from six weeks in the U.S., Worsthorne reported in London's *Daily Telegraph* his sharp disagreement with the image, "popular in some quarters, of a nation sick and lethargic after eight years of the Eisenhower Administration."

"I am sure," wrote Worsthorne, "that history will look back on the Eisenhower era as ideal for incubation . . . In America today the result of Eisenhower has been to produce a generation of public men who are not only 'raring to go' but have also had time to consider deeply the direction in which they wish to go . . . To my mind, the very volume of self-criticism in the U.S., the fact that it is hardly possible to open any American magazine without reading some soul-searing indictment . . . are surely evidence of the very opposite of mental lethargy and material complacency . . . The truth is, America has fewer wrinkles on its face than other societies. Only it spends far more time and money examining them and trying to iron them out."

"It seems to me that the American people are always denied the benefit of the doubt. When they get excited and start calling for the Marines and generally throwing their weight about, they are



CONGO: U.N.'S RIKHYE AT NDJILI
Orders to shoot.

Terence Spencer

castigated for being hysterical children. Yet when they remain calm and unruffled, they are castigated for being lethargically senile, too tired and flaccid for world leadership . . . I do not wish to suggest, of course, that all is well with the U.S. What I do want to suggest is that it would be masochistic folly if . . . the outside world began to have serious doubts about America's moral and physical potency."

Turban Trouble

In the endless war between bureaucracy and the individual, a new skirmish was being fought last week in industrial Manchester. A 6-ft., nobly bearded Sikh named Gyani Sundar Singh Sagar, 43, having passed the examination to become a conductor on Manchester's municipal buses, was eager to don the navy-blue uniform of his chosen calling. But since the Sikh Holy Book, the *Adi Granth*, says that "a Sikh is never to wear a cap or shave his beard or head," Singh Sagar asked permission to keep his shoulder-length hair under a smoothly coiled turban rather than top it incongruously with the customary conductor's cap.

Permission was refused. For as Laborite Charles Morris, chairman of Manchester's Transport Committee, testily explained, "If turbans are permitted, there is nothing to prevent a whole string of religious beliefs turning up to work with all sorts of badges and devices." With a true bureaucratic horror of the unusual and unexpected, he said, "What do we do if an orthodox Jew comes along? They don't work on Saturdays." He offered Singh Sagar, a graduate in languages and literature from an Indian university, other work in the bus terminal where he could wear his turban. But Singh Sagar stubbornly insisted on being a bus conductor or nothing. "I am a man of merit," he said, "I passed their tests for the job. It would not be meritorious to take another job."

Rallying to Singh Sagar's side, his 700 fellow Sikhs in Manchester drew up a document pointing out that in two world wars, 82,000 turbaned Sikhs had been killed in battle, and Sikhs had won more than half of the Victoria Crosses awarded to the Indian army. If they could die for Britain in their turbans, asked the Sikhs, could they not be allowed to work in them? Support also came from Manchester's mighty *Guardian*: an editorial suggested that, with or without caps, no one looked tackier than the average Manchester bus conductor. Asked an indignant letter writer: "If a man is clean, polite and has a sense of duty, what difference does a hat make? Unless, of course, he is on the Transport Committee and requires a hole in it to talk through."

Last week, even more dismayed by public outcry than by private eccentricity, harried Bureaucrat Morris hurriedly put the case of Singh Sagar back on the agenda for next month's Transport Committee meeting. "Perhaps," said stubborn, turbaned Singh Sagar, "I will be the first Sikh to ring a Manchester Corporation bus bell."

AUSTRALIA

The £100,000 Boy

Last June a Sydney salesman named Basil Thorne and his wife Freda won £100,000 (\$225,000) in a state lottery to raise money for Sydney's new opera house. They vowed that they would not let the money go to their heads. They went right on living in their modest brick duplex in suburban Bondi and invested their new wealth. The only member of the Thorne family to get excited over the windfall was eight-year-old Graeme, a third-grader at a private school called Scots College.



GRAEME THORNE
"I have your son."

Camera Press-Pix

"I'm Graeme Thorne, the £100,000 boy," he boasted to classmates.

One morning last month, neatly turned out in his Scots College uniform, Graeme Thorne called goodbye to his 3½-year-old sister Belinda and started toward the corner 300 yards from home, where a schoolmate's mother was to pick him up for the drive to school. A few minutes later the carpool mother called to ask: "Isn't Graeme coming to school today? He wasn't at the corner."

Fearfully, Freda Thorne called the local police. An hour later, as a policeman sat in the Thorne living room taking notes, the phone rang. "Is this Mrs. Thorne?" asked a man's guttural voice, "I have your boy." Wordlessly, Freda Thorne passed the receiver to the policeman. "I have your son," the voice repeated. "I want £25,000 by 5 o'clock tonight, or I'll feed him to the sharks."

"We Never Thought." It was the first child kidnapping for ransom in Australia's history, and it raised a big fuss. "Somehow we have never thought that it could

occur in this country," said New South Wales's Premier Robert Heffron sadly. Whenever the Thornes left their home, carloads of reporters and cameramen tagged along. The family pastor, Anglican Minister Clive Goodwin, who had offered to serve as go-between with the kidnappers, withdrew after two days, explaining that so much publicity made his intermediary's role "no longer possible."

Basil Thorne drew out £25,000 in £10 notes, publicly assured the kidnappers: "God will forgive you if you let my boy go unharmed." But the Thornes' harrowing telephone vigil was interrupted only by calls from ghoulish hoaxers. Last week, as Sydney police stubbornly continued to check out meager clues, a clutch of children playing around a ledge rock several miles from the Thorne home discovered a bundle of "rubbish." Inside the bundle was the body of Graeme Thorne, who had been killed within 48 hours of his abduction.

Time for Action. Australia was swept by the kind of outrage that followed the 1932 Lindbergh kidnapping in the U.S. "This case," said the *Sydney Daily Telegraph*, "must never be closed until the killers are behind bars or the government puts into action—the gallows—the overwhelming inclinations of the people." New South Wales's Labor government is dead set against capital punishment, but at week's end Premier Heffron promised to consider "drastic increases" in the state's maximum kidnapping penalty of ten years. Public pressure was building up for Australia's national government to adopt something like the U.S. "Lindbergh Law," which makes transporting a kidnaper across state lines a federal offense, punishable by death.

CYPRUS

Birth of a Republic

Since World War II, so many British governors have surrendered sovereignty over former colonies that the procedure has become an art form. In 24 hours last week, Sir Hugh Foot, last British Governor of Cyprus, conducted a midnight ceremony transferring power to the new Republic of Cyprus, held a farewell dress reception for diplomats and a garden leave-taking for 200 personal friends. Then, still resplendent in plumed hat and gold braid, ex-Governor Foot boarded Her Majesty's frigate *Chichester* and sailed over the horizon to a specially composed bagpipe lament entitled *Sir Hugh's Farewell to Cyprus*.

As the *Chichester* disappeared, Cyprus' independence party noticeably warmed. When 1,600 Greek and Turkish soldiers debarked from their homelands to stand guard duty over the infant republic alongside Cyprus' own future army, one Turkish centenary fell on a startled Turkish infantryman's neck, blubbered that he had not set eyes on a Turkish uniform since the last Ottoman garrison sailed away in 1878. For Greek Cypriots, the day was made when a plane from Athens landed 21 EOKA terrorists—freedom fighters to



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the Cypriots—whom the British had exiled 17 months ago.

So many screaming women and teenagers rushed up to kiss the returning heroes and pet them with garlands of laurel that Archbishop Makarios, Cyprus' new President, hastily revamped a prepared speech to remind his people that Cyprus still faces grave economic and political problems. Added Makarios pointedly: the best thing EOKA men could do now would be to lay down their Sten guns and get to work.

Cyprus is the 15th new nation to be born this year.* Two more African nations (Mauritania and Nigeria) should be on their own before the year is out. All this brings the number of sovereign states to 102, even when the cold-war divided twins (the two Germanys, two Chinas and two Koreas) are counted as only three nations. If last week's split-up between the two halves of the 16-month-old Mali Federation—the onetime French Sudan and French Senegal—proves permanent, the count may soon be 103.

KENYA

White Man Hangs

Precisely at 8 o'clock one night last week, the slight, heavily shackled form of 28-year-old English Engineer Peter Poole dropped through the hangman's trap door in Nairobi Prison. For the first time in Kenya's history, a white man was executed for killing an African.

Condemned to die eight months ago for shooting his African houseboy (who had stoned Poole's dogs), Poole became a near martyr in the eyes of many white Kenyans who recalled his services against the Mau Mau, and worried over what would happen to his aging parents and his two young children. In Nairobi, Poole's parents circulated petitions for clemency, addressed to British Governor Sir Patrick Renison, and collected more than 25,000 signatures, including many from Africans and Asians. Even African Nationalist Tom Mboya, though he would not sign himself, agreed not to influence his fellow Africans against signing. In London, Laborite M.P. Fenner Brockway appealed to Colonial Secretary Iain Macleod to relieve Poole on the grounds that his execution would damage already tense relations between whites and blacks in Kenya.

But neither Macleod nor Renison could find any legal grounds for intervening. Last week, as a warden solemnly posted announcement of the execution on the gate of Nairobi Prison, an African in the keyed-up crowd gathered outside cried: "Justice has been done; Macleod is with us!" Turning away in cold anger, a white settler muttered: "Now you've had your pound of flesh." Commented the London

Spectator: "It is a savage irony that future generations in Kenya will be able to point to 1960 as the year when the equality of the races was finally demonstrated, not by the granting of rights to Africans to farm on the White Highlands, or to become members of white clubs, but by the proposition that all men, regardless of color, are equal on the end of a rope."

LAOS

Fire & Water

With all their other troubles, Laotians last week watched rains raise the muddy Mekong River to near flood stage at their capital city of Vientiane. Resourcefully, U.S. Ambassador Winthrop Brown arranged for twelve planes from Bangkok



to fly in 10,000 sandbags and fly out 200 American dependents. He thus was prepared for either flood or civil war—or both.

The floods are seasonal, the political troubles getting to be. Fortnight ago a brash young paratroop captain named Kong Le captured Vientiane in a pre-dawn raid with a battalion of troops who were angry at not getting paid for several months (TIME, Aug. 22). Kong Le's coup toppled a pro-Western Cabinet, and to form a new government the captain turned to neutralist, three-time Premier Prince Souvanna Phouma, 58. Prince Souvanna put together a Cabinet that included the chief of Laos' primitive Meo tribesmen as Minister of Information. But last week he met a cold shoulder from King Savang Vatthana and open defiance from most of the Royal Laotian Army.

Fuzzy on Purpose. The issue was how Laos was to deal with Communists, foreign and domestic. Both Captain Kong Le and Prince Souvanna want to bring into the government the Communist Pathet Lao guerrillas who have waged a flickering jungle rebellion since 1953. Kong Le

is just disgusted with fighting fellow Laotians. Prince Souvanna's goal for Laos is "neutrality in neutralism," a doctrine that is necessarily fuzzy, he says, because Laotians are fuzzy thinkers, when thinkers at all.

Ranked against Kong Le and Prince Souvanna was ex-Defense Minister General Phoumi Nosavan, 40, whose hastily organized "Committee Against the Coup d'Etat" still holds the royal seat of Luangprabang and is apparently keeping the King under something close to house arrest. Last week, after a quick trip to Thailand, whose strongly anti-Communist government loudly distrusts Kong Le & Co., General Phoumi turned up in the southern Laotian town of Savannakhet with a brand-new radio transmitter and a vow to chase Kong Le out of the capital.

In response to Phoumi's call a flurry of local army commanders hurried in to consult. Beating time to reedy pipe music as he presided over a table laden with Scotch whisky and French wines, Phoumi assured a reporter that his troops were racing the Pathet Lao Communists through the roadless jungle to the capital, added earnestly: "If you let the Pathet Lao into the government, they will organize and work hard and sooner or later they will control the whole country."

Twin Questions. So far, General Phoumi seems to have stalemated Prince Souvanna, a gentle, Paris-educated man who grows lilacs and plays an expert game of bridge at his riverside estate outside Vientiane. At week's end Prince Souvanna, who is even more adroit at compromise than most Laotians, backtracked to say he would now bring the Communist Pathet Lao into the government "only if the National Assembly approves." Captain Kong Le, he added, had "gone back to soldiering" and would be no further problem. Souvanna even called General Phoumi by radiotelephone and offered to make him his army chief of staff. But Phoumi refused, and an envoy that Prince Souvanna sent to see the King wound up in the poky at Luangprabang. The two big questions now were: 1) whether the prince could dissuade the general from touching off a civil war by attacking the capital at Vientiane, and 2) whether the general had any intention of attacking.

INDONESIA

Child's Play

Nothing ever works quite the way it should in Indonesia. Scarcely had the red and white flags been put up to celebrate the nation's 15th independence day last week when workmen were back in the streets of Jakarta. Their task: to take down 12-ft.-high poster portraits of Guinea's President Sekou Touré and Egypt's Vice President Abdel Hakim Amer, both of whom had reneged, without notice, on promises to put in an appearance at the independence-day festivities.

Undaunted by these snubs, Indonesia's volatile President Sukarno went right on to celebrate the holiday with a 54-page

* The others, all African: Republic of the Congo (Belgian), Republic of the Congo (French), Bahamas, Chad, Central African Republic, Ivory Coast, Niger, Republic of the Upper Volta, Gabon, Mali Federation, Malagasy Republic, Republic of Cameroon, Togolese Republic and Republic of Somalia.

speech entitled "Like an Angel That Strikes from the Skies." To some of his countrymen, 54 pages seemed scarcely enough to explain recent events in Indonesia. In the past year, Sukarno's breezy decision to freeze all bank accounts over \$2,000 and devalue Indonesia's currency by 75% had produced a 92% increase in the amount of paper money in circulation and a 22% jump in retail prices. By driving 2,500,000 Chinese, mostly small shopkeepers and their families, out of Indonesia's villages, he had involved the nation in a bitter feud with Red China. Then, too, there was the knotty question of Presidential Regulation No. 3, which prohibits public criticism of any Sukarno decree until the would-be critic obtains a license from the proper authorities. (So far there have been no applicants.)

Ever Unanimous. But Sukarno, who plays at government the way a child might play at Monopoly, chose to ignore such mundane matters.

Instead, he sang the praises of the hand-picked "Mutual Help" Assembly with which he has replaced Indonesia's former elected Parliament and gloved over the new National Front, a "nonpolitical" movement consisting of Sukarno's own Nationalist Party, the inept Moslem Teacher's Party and the dazed Communists, who find Sukarno even more disruptive than they are. The National Front, Sukarno predicted, would always reach unanimous agreement on everything "without taking votes." Then, as a lesson to those who still thought there might be something in voting, he abruptly announced a ban against two of Indonesia's remaining anti-Communist political parties: the Moslem Masjumi and the Socialist Party.

Keep 'Em Roaring. All this left the crowd in front of Djakarta's handsome Merdeka Palace uncommonly apathetic. But like the skilled spellbinder he is, Sukarno finally got his audience roaring with a burst of demagogic thunder in which he attacked The Netherlands for sending an aircraft carrier and 1,000 troop reinforcements to neighboring Dutch New Guinea—which Sukarno claims is part of Indonesia and properly called "West Irian." Sneering at The Netherlands as a "country of small creditors that still preserves its taste for colonialism," Sukarno wound up by announcing the breaking off of diplomatic relations with the Dutch. In The Netherlands, his oratory was received with a shrug. After nationalizing Dutch property in Indonesia, driving out more than 90,000 Dutch residents and daily threatening ruin for the 4,000 who remain, Sukarno's snapping of diplomatic relations seemed a bit of an anticlimax.

JAPAN

Dakkochan Delirium

It began in June, when an unknown teen-age girl strolled down Tokyo's bustling Ginza with what appeared to be a baby Martian clinging to her arm. Almost overnight the boom was on. By last week, in the hottest craze to hit Japan since the Hula Hoop, Tokyo department stores were



THE EMBRACEABLE DOLL
Boys don't have bows.

K. Aizawa

filled with scrambling, stumbling, shoving teen-agers fighting to spend 180 yen (50¢) for a squeaking, winking, black-skinned dakkochan ("embraceable") doll.

With over 300,000 dakkochans sold in the past two months, the odd little doll intended for toddlers now embraces Japanese teen-agers' arms and handbags, housewives' broomhandles, children's strollers. It wriggles on the bodies of stripteasers in burlesque houses, clings nonchalantly to girls clinging to their boyfriends on speeding motorcycles. So far has demand outrun production (7,000 a day) that many stores are forced to issue tickets entitling customers to buy a dakkochan when stocks are replenished. All night queues wind around entire blocks, and scalpers charge 500 yen (\$1.39) not for a doll but for a low-numbered ticket.

Just Crazy. The dakkochan is the brainchild of Yoshihiro Suda, 27, planning chief for Japan's toymaking Tsukudaya Co. Last February Suda began experimenting with a U.S.-made plastic-and-cardboard eye that appears to wink whenever the angle at which light hits it is changed. Suda placed the come-hither eye in a 12-in. doll made of black sheet plastic inflated with air. Besides its stubby, clinging arms, the dakkochan boasts ring-shaped ears, a red doughnut mouth and a plastic grass skirt. Girl dakkochans can be told from boy dakkochans by the fact that the girls have hair bows.

At first Suda was not too optimistic about the sales of his doll. Today, with a raging boom on his hands, he says: "The whole thing is crazy." But Japanese intellectuals, who can be pretty crazy themselves, have been quick to discover social significance in the dakkochan's black skin. Citing the growing popularity of Negro jazz, Artist Setsu Nagasawa argues that "a Negro culture wave seems to be sweeping Japanese youth." Novelist Tensei Kawano, who has featured Negroes in four books, asserts: "We of the younger generation are outcasts from politics and society. In a way we are like Negroes, who

have a long record of oppression and misunderstanding, and we feel akin to them."

The Softies. Toymaker Suda, who would like to know how to do it again, has also tried to get at the reason behind the fad by tape-recording interviews with hundreds of customers waiting to buy dakkochans. The replies are sociologically disappointing. Some teen-agers say they are buying a dakkochan because their friends have bought dakkochans. The vast majority, however, reply with one or another variant of "It's so cute and lovable that I just have to have one." Says Suda: "Japanese have always been soft on children, and standing all night in line to buy a toy is just another proof of that. I feel guilty about the situation."

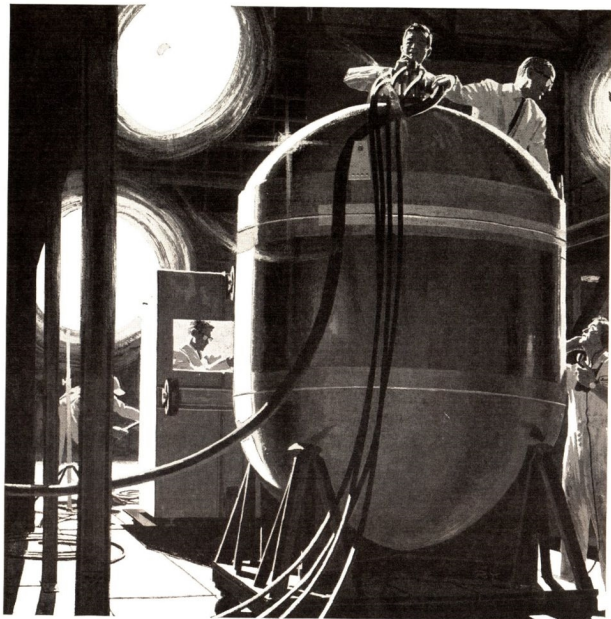
COMMUNISTS

The Frigid Friends

The biggest news out of Red China came from the railway stations. In Peking, Canton, Shanghai and Shenyang, north-bound trains were suddenly clogged with unaccustomed passengers. For a fortnight, trainload after trainload of Soviet technicians and their families have been leaving for home with all their belongings—but without any farewell fanfare in the press or happy fraternal rallies at the station. Yugoslav Correspondent Branko Bogunovic, who sent out the story of the exodus, wrote: "The official explanation is that the Soviet experts are leaving after the expiration of their contracts. But other versions are circulating in Peking which throw a different light on the matter."

No one yet suggested that the departure of a few hundred technicians heralded a break between Russia and China comparable to that between Stalin's Russia and Tito's Yugoslavia in 1948. But last week, months after Nikita Khrushchev's first open split with Red China's leaders over basic Communist dogma, the battle was getting hotter—and the relationship colder—than ever. Moscow's *Izvestia*, scarcely veiling its Red Chinese target, railed against "leftists" and "phrasemongers" who "assemble and sometimes distort quotations to repeat over and over again that imperialist wars are inevitable," adding that only "fools and dogmatists" could say (as the Chinese have been saying) that Russian advocacy of peaceful coexistence was a sellout to capitalism. Peking's Vice Premier Li Fu-chun promptly retorted that China's Communists "are the real Marxist-Leninists." lashed out at "modern revisionists and those who echo them."

The argument is technically over philosophical distinctions, but in fact is a testing of strength between leaders, neither willing to concede superiority to the other. The signs of mutual displeasure are sometimes small but they are unmistakable. Peking refused to send any delegates to a recent Moscow conference of Orientalists. Three Russian-language publications on China, including one called *Friendship*, have suddenly stopped publishing, and Red Chinese bylines have virtually disappeared from Moscow's press.



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THE AMERICAS

Convicted & Sentenced

Assembled in the clear, democratic air of San José, Costa Rica, the hemisphere foreign ministers last week quickly convicted Dominican Republic Dictator Rafael Leonidas Trujillo of collusion in the attempted assassination of Venezuelan President Rómulo Betancourt on June 24. The proof (TIME, July 18), gathered by an Organization of American States investigating committee, might have been vulnerable to questions from a tough defense lawyer, but after 30 years of Trujillo's tyranny, no one was in a mood to demand full evidence.

Remodeled Mandate. After convicting Trujillo, most of the delegates backed Venezuelan Foreign Minister Ignacio Luis

he improvised an unprecedented recognition of the authority and power of two-thirds of the hemisphere nations to supervise the affairs of a single member nation if it strays from democratic standards. The move was aimed at Trujillo, but if OAS-supervised elections became a custom, Fidel Castro might eventually be compelled to hold one.

Obscene Fury. Unprepared for such ground breaking, the Latino delegates reacted almost by instinct. They condemned Herter's plan out of hand as a mere trick aimed at letting Trujillo off, accused Herter of being taken in by Trujillo's current show of democracy (last week Trujillo's latest puppet President proposed an amnesty for political crimes).

At closed-door conferences, the U.S. proposal was first incorporated into a

listeners burst into applause. The Cuban's muttered obscenities at not being allowed to counterattack were clearly audible through simultaneous-translators' earphones. Outside, 1,000 Costa Ricans, who had been listening to the proceedings over loudspeakers, shouted "¡Viva Herter!" as the U.S. representative left the meeting.

CUBA

Triumphant Reds

Riding high, the Popular Socialist (Communist) Party, the sole political organization functioning in Cuba, last week held its first national convention since 1952. For Cuba's 17,000 Reds it was a dream of power come true. On the platform sat the government's top labor leaders and Faure Chaudon, the ambassador-



CUBA'S ROA



U.S.'s HERTER

After the tyrant tumbles, who will fill the vacuum?



Peter Anderson—Black Star
VENEZUELA'S ARCAJA

Arcaya in demanding vengeance in the form of tough sanctions. Though he too supported punishment, U.S. Delegate Christian Herter looked ahead to suggest a cure for ending the Trujillo dictatorship altogether: a special committee of the OAS that would oversee a free election to establish democracy in the Dominican Republic.

Herter's proposal failed, mostly because he sprang it as a surprise. What worries the U.S. is that while sanctions alone may topple Trujillo, it may leave a vacuum to be filled by Communists and Dominican sympathizers of Fidel Castro. Yet in San José, Herter found Venezuela's Arcaya unshakably determined to demand maximum sanctions.

Herter huddled with the U.S. Ambassador to Costa Rica, Whiting Willauer, who recalled an old suggestion by Costa Rican ex-President José ("Pepe") Figueres for a U.N. "mandate" over the Dominican Republic. Herter seized on the idea, hurriedly turned it into his proposal for an OAS democratizing committee, and presented it to the conference. In effect,

compromise that would put sanctions first and supervised elections second; then, at the insistence of Arcaya, it was put aside for discussion at a separate meeting this week. The sentence against Trujillo—which sent Trujillo's delegate walking out in protest: 1) breaking of diplomatic relations down to the consular level; 2) partial economic sanctions, starting with an embargo on arms.

The rejection of Herter's proposal let Cuba breathe a bit more freely, but that country's turn on the griddle comes this week, when the foreign ministers reconvene to discuss Cuba's role as Russia's Western beachhead. At week's end, sentiment was running strongly against the intemperate Cuban delegation. The Cubans made a bad first impression when they loudly protested Costa Rican insistence that they check their pistols. Cuban Foreign Minister Raúl Roa went on to disgrace himself with a boorish attack on the U.S. that the delegates received in stony silence; when Herter called Roa's diatribe a "direct parallel to speeches from the Soviet Union," his

designate who will soon go to Moscow and pick up diplomatic relations with Russia. As the convention gathered, the first Soviet Ambassador to Cuba since 1952, Sergei Kudryavtsev, once expelled by Canada as a spy, flew into Havana and got a big welcome.

To the convention came admiring fraternal delegates from 30 lands, among them top-ranking Red Theoretician Jacques Duclos of France. The Communist newspaper *Hoy*, which Carlos Rafael Rodríguez edits, chortled happily: "The monstrous version of the Communist with knife between his teeth has completely disappeared in Cuba."

Cuba's Reds like to make it appear that they always opposed ex-Dictator Fulgencio Batista. In fact, the P.S.P. used to be an enthusiastic supporter of Batista. In return for its help in the 1940 election, Batista legalized the party, let it take control of Cuba's labor organizations, and brought Red Chiefs Juan Marinello and Carlos Rafael Rodríguez into his Cabinet. Back in power after his 1952 coup, Batista declared the party illegal but never



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cracked down hard on it. Not until five months before Batista fell did the Communists abandon their scornful attitude toward the "bourgeois romantic," Rebel Castro, and proffer a united front. Rodriguez, youngest of the top P.S.P. triumvirate, went quietly into Castro's Sierra Maestra redoubt and began talking with leading rebels. To Castro, Rodriguez promised Red support with no strings attached. Rodriguez reportedly got the rank of captain in the rebel army and grew the standard beard, which he continues to wear.

Today, in the party's leadership, Old-time Communist Marinello, 61, has stepped aside and become a scholarly front man. Secretary General Blas Roca, 52, a trusted Moscow agent, controls the party apparatus. Rodriguez, 47, is the liaison between the Communists and the government. He is the one who meets secretly with Castro and Guevara. In 1955 the P.S.P. met underground and set out some "Fundamental Points." It demanded: "Nationalization of foreign public service companies."

"Nullification of concessions to Yankee imperialists such as the King Ranch, mining and oil companies."

"Commercial relations with all nations, such as the Soviet Union, Communist China."

"Return to Cuban sovereignty of the U.S. Naval Base at Guantánamo."

With last week's seizure by Cuba of the U.S.-owned Moa Bay nickel-mining plant, grabbing the naval base was the only one of these objectives still unrealized.

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC Dictators' Duet

From the Caribbean, a new and powerful radio voice broadcasts anti-U.S. propaganda: "The North American diplomatic mission is right now carrying out a new and dangerous activity within our country. Its members have dedicated themselves to terrorist propaganda."

The words are familiar, but not the source. The broadcasts come not from Havana, but from Ciudad Trujillo's Radio Caribe. A month ago, to get revenge on Washington, a former friend now cold to him, Dictator Rafael Leonidas Trujillo began vilifying the U.S. with a powerful transmitter—20,000 watts on medium wave, 50,000 watts on short wave.

For 16 hours a day, between Cuban cha cha chas and American pop tunes, the station lambastes the U.S. It also courts Fidel Castro, an ally in mutual hatred of the U.S. Radio Caribe shrugs off last year's Cuba-based Dominican invasion as "the result of errors in the first steps of a euphoric and warlike youth" and says: "We wish Fidel happiness." A few days later the charge went: "Raúl Castro is right. The OAS serves for nothing." Venezuela's President Rómulo Betancourt is described as "an employee of the State Department."

Such denunciations from Dictator Trujillo do not wholly displease Washington which has suffered the stigma among Latin Americans of being considered his friend.

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August 17, 1960.

PEOPLE

Revisiting Majorca, where they honeymooned briefly four years ago, Monaco's Prince Rainier III and Princess Grace went to the bullfights, where three matadors each dedicated a bull to Grace. A new highmark in immodesty was attained by Matador **Chamaco** (Antonio Borrero), rated Spain's No. 1 sensation not long ago. As he tossed his hat to Grace, Chamaco grandiloquently cried: "To the most beautiful princess in the world—from the best matador!"

Opening this week at a Michigan summer playhouse is a political satire about a conniving ward heeler, *Ballots Up!* The playwright: "Larry Sand," who based the work on a 1957 novel, *Let George Do It*, by "John Foster." As suspicions mounted about the play's authorship, investigation soon proved that Playwright Sand is Novelist Foster; both are, in fact, Massachusetts' two-term Democratic Governor (John) **Foster Furcolo**, 49. Long since unmasked as the author of the novel, Furcolo was slightly perturbed to stand revealed, even before the first night, as the playwright. Said he: "I didn't want the play produced under circumstances in which it would be praised by political friends and blasted by political enemies. I just wanted an unbiased judgment." Where did he get the pen name of Larry Sand? "That's what I was called when I did a little amateur boxing some years ago."

Looking as much like a pretty baby as any prince, Britain's Bonnie **Prince Andrew**, aged six months, was pictured in the arms of his doting nanny, Mabel Anderson, as he boarded a train at London's King's Cross Station. Spry but not yet self-propelled on foot, he was on his way to a holiday at Scotland's Balmoral Castle



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with his royal parents, showed signs of a future Churchillian determination in the clench of his tiny fists.

Old Groaner **Bing Crosby** decided to dispose of one of his five domains (including two cattle ranches), mostly because he is kept too busy trying to live on them all. For sale: Bing's 14-room seashore mansion, built in 1948, overlooking California's Pebble Beach Golf Course. Asking price: \$250,000. Since the Crosby clan operates as a sort of junior cartel, the real estate agent on the deal is Mary Rose Pool, Bing's sister.

The league-leading Pittsburgh Pirates' star shortstop, **Dick Groat**, popped up into politics by declaring himself four-square behind Richard Nixon for the presidency. Groat was a onetime roommate of Nixon's younger (now 30) brother Ed at Nixon's law school alma mater, Duke University. After thus going on record, Infielder Groat was greeted by a few boos along with the cheers when the Pirates met the Philadelphia Phillies in a doubleheader. He silenced the boosers by slamming six hits in eight turns at bat, helped push the Pirates to two victories.

In Stockholm, the U.S.'s leading rocketeer, ex-German Scientist **Wernher von Braun**, clinked drinks with his Soviet opposite number, Professor **Leonid Sedov**, who as current president of the International Astronautical Congress called for all mankind's cooperation in the conquest of space. They reportedly agreed that such an objective takes natural priority over nuclear suicide by the human race. Later last week, Von Braun got a less cordial hello in his native land when he showed up in Munich for the world premiere of his film biography, *I Aim at the Stars*. Replying to pacifists' protests that the movie whitewashes his services to Hitler,

the father of the V-2 rocket stated his credo of practical patriotism: "A war is a war, and when my country is at war my duty is to help win that war."

During a recent siege of grippie, so a West German rib-tickler goes, Chancellor **Konrad Adenauer**, 84, was told by his physician: "I'm not a magician. I can't make you young again." Eager to get back into harness, *der Alte* is supposed to have replied: "I'm not asking that. I don't want to become young again. All I want is to go on getting older." Later Adenauer told a New York Times lady how he keeps getting older: "I'm well because I've never smoked. When I was twelve, an uncle gave me some tobacco that was so strong and horrid it was enough for life." Rhine Wine Connoisseur Adenauer added: "I can't say I don't drink. I do. But I don't drink steadily."

Two oldsters let others marvel at the calendar's turning. Football's **Amos Alonzo Stagg**, who was seven years old when the first intercollegiate game was played (Rutgers, 6; Princeton, 4), turned 98, and except for failing vision was as alert as ever, though frail. He sadly allowed that he no longer takes running workouts because "my balance isn't too good." But he still mows his own 40-by-40 ft. lawn, and not with any sissy power mower either. And three days after a bronze plaque was placed beside his old park-bench "office" in Washington's Lafayette Park, Elder Statesman **Bernard Baruch** turned 90, an age that he regards as "too young" for thoughts of retirement. Perhaps hoping for a long respite from the tedium of birthday interviews, Baruch cordially invited newsmen to come up to his Manhattan apartment again some time—when he turns 100.

® Between them: Von Braun's wife Maria.



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TIME, AUGUST 29, 1960

MUSIC

Sleeping Beauty

The opera was so old that musicologists are not even sure of its history. The theater was equally ancient. But last week this antique combination made the liveliest show in Sweden. *Il Maestro di Musica*, a broadly farcical *opera buffa* (a pastiche partly based on a 1737 comic opera by Pietro Auletta), filled the Drottningholm



KING GUSTAF III
Conductors became courtiers.

Court Theater, built in 1766 during the reign of Queen Lovisa Ulrika. U.S. and European visitors to Stockholm's talent-packed summer music festival learned at first hand why the Swedes are making a new mark for themselves in opera as they already have in movies.

In *Il Maestro*, and *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, Giovanni Paisiello's rowdy comic version of the famed tonsorial tale, skilled young soloists—their names still little known abroad—testified to Drottningholm's success in developing new operatic singers. Night after night S.R.O. crowds came back for more.

Flexible & Functional. They came as much to see the sights as they did to hear the music. Only a few yards from the Drottningholm (Queen's Island) summer palace and only 20 minutes from downtown Stockholm, the long green lawns and fountains surrounding the theater set it centuries back in time. The building is still owned by the royal family. It has never been damaged, changed or remodeled, and some of its 400 seats still bear the name plates of Queen Lovisa's household staff (King's Great Watch in the front rows, palace kitchen wenches in the rear).

Decorated with lacelike rococo friezes and 17th and 18th century sculptures,

Drottningholm's theater was first the plaything of Lovisa's son Gustaf III, founder of Sweden's royal institutes (including the Swedish Academy, which serves today as jury for Nobel Prizes in literature). Gustaf filled the place with musicians, staged four performances a week, wrote many of its plays and opera librettos himself, even starred in some of its productions. Shortly after his reign, the theater was abandoned, and for 120 years, says Director Gustaf Hillestrom, it remained "a sleeping beauty."

Awakened at last in 1922, after a court librarian rediscovered its past, the theater was found to be still in good shape. Its collection of 30-odd 18th century sets, ranging from *trompe l'oeil* farmhouses to ornate court scenes, is the world's largest. The wooden stage machinery, designed by the Italian master Donato Sopani, is so flexible that a four-man windlass team can make a complete scene change in ten seconds. In the 40-odd rooms where actors and singers once lived while the royal family was in residence at Drottningholm, the original hand-painted wallpaper survives—as does a wicked caricature of a needle-nosed French ballet master penciled on the wall of the prima donna's dressing room. A gold-painted harpsichord, discovered under the stage and now used by the orchestra, is considered one of the 18th century's best.

Training for Tomorrow. The setting alone is enough to provide an 18th century atmosphere. But Director Hillestrom goes further. Pages call the audience to attention with handbells, and all performers dress in genuine period costumes. Leading Drottningholm's orchestra with crackling vitality in last week's *Il Maestro* and *Il Barbiere*, Conductor Bertil Bokstedt was resplendent in the silk robe of an 18th century courtier. On-stage, Sweden's gifted young singers—Soprano Karin Langebo, Tenors Carl-Axel Hallgren, Arne Ohlson, Uno Stjernquist, and Bass Arne Tyren—wore the periwigs fashionable at the time of Queen Lovisa.

Drottningholm is more than just a period piece. Its talent scouts range the country to seek out new voices, and its stage provides a training ground for the best of them. The theater gave Elisabeth Soederstrom her start when she was fresh out of school, helped Kerstin Meyer prepare for her U.S. debut in *Carmen* this fall. Even Sweden's established stars—Birgit Nilsson, Set Svanholm, Jussi Björling—owe some of their development and much of their musical education to the Drottningholm Theater.

Campaign Waltz

Washington Music Critic Paul Hume's ears went red ten years ago when he got some blue language in the mail from the White House: Harry Truman didn't like Hume's musical judgment on Daughter Margaret's singing. That might have

taught any other critic that music and politics don't mix. But after all, Washington is a political town. Late, on his radio program called *Guest Conductor*, Critic Hume has been airing the favorite melodies of the 1960 candidates. By last week he had all four on record:

♣ **JACK KENNEDY**, a faithful *Guest Conductor* listener (whose father Joe, the family's No. 1 music buff, listens to Beethoven records by the hour), detailed his choice in a long letter written by Wife Jackie: Debussy's *Afternoon of a Faun*, Ravel's *La Valse*, Berlioz' overture to *Benvenuto Cellini*, Mussorgsky's *Boris Godunov*, and dances from Borodin's *Prince Igor*.

♣ **VICE PRESIDENT NIXON**, who was once a fair fiddler (he played in the Fullerton, Calif. High School orchestra) but now prefers to relax by playing the piano, picked Tchaikovsky's *Swan Lake*. His true favorites, he added, are sentimental ones: the score from *Oklahoma!* (because it was the first show that he and Pat saw after moving to Washington) and Mexican folk songs (because they remind him of his honeymoon south of the border).

♣ **LYNDON JOHNSON**, an indiscriminate admirer of Strauss waltzes, was understandably careful to ask also for such Western folk songs as *Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie*, *Home on the Range*, and *Whoopie I Oh!*

♣ **HENRY CABOT LODGE**, whose agile baritone voice often livens U.N. parties, displayed the most catholicity of taste by selecting Mozart's *Clarinet Quintet K. 581*, Handel's *Messiah*, Alexander's *Rogtime Band*, St. James Infirmary, and other Dixieland tunes as played by the Dukes of Dixieland. For good measure, Mrs. Lodge added her own preference, which is a long way from *Whoopie I Oh!*: Bach's *Suite No. 3 in C Major* for Unaccompanied Cello, performed by Pablo Casals.



CRITIC HUME
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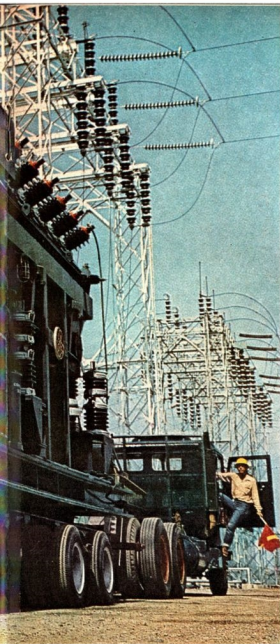


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SHOW BUSINESS

BROADWAY

Autumn's Offerings

Last season the average Broadway show had the life expectancy of a mosquito on the belly of a four-armed Hindu Siva. Critics and public alike slapped plays down as soon as they appeared. But almost in spite of themselves, Broadway producers, having survived, are ready to try again. The fall list is so promising that it may well atone for the recent past.

Some of the higher lights of the fall: **COMEDY:** *Period of Adjustment* involves two young couples during the early period of their marriages, and is, remarkably enough, a comedy by Tennessee Williams (scheduled to open Nov. 10).*

MUSICALS: In an all-out attempt to recreate the box-office wonder of *My Fair Lady*, T. H. White's Arthurian novel *The Once and Future King* is being stage-tooled as *Camelot*. As with *Fair Lady*, Frederick Loewe is the composer. Alan Jay Lerner the book adapter and lyricist. Moss Hart the director. Julie Andrews one of the stars (Nov. 17). *Irma la Douce*, still running in Paris (nearly four years) and London (two years), and by far the most successful modern European musical, comes to Broadway still flavored with Parisian argot as it pursues the light, fantastic tale of a Paris *poule* or tart (Sept. 29). Multi-talented Meredith (*The Music Man*) Willson takes his second shot at Broadway with *The Unsinkable Molly Brown*—a story of the *Titanic* disaster and a survivor otherwise known as Tammy Grimes (Nov. 3). *Tenderloin*, adapted by George Abbott and Jerome Weidman from Samuel Hopkins Adams' novel about the saints and sinners of Manhattan in the 90s, stars Maurice Evans (Oct. 17).

SPECIALTIES: An Evening with *Mike Nichols* and *Elaine May* introduces to Broadway one of the best comic teams to come out of U.S. nightclubs (Oct. 8). *Laughs and Other Events* is a one-man show by *My Fair Lady*'s Cockney Stanley (Get Me to the Church on Time) Holloway, done in the broad British music hall tradition of songs, stories, and dance routines (Oct. 10).

STRAIGHT PLAYS: Broadway is already battering its booby hatches for the arrival from London of *The Hostage*, not so much because of the nature of the play (a young British soldier is held captive in a Dublin brothel) but because of the playwright, who promises his presence. At a London performance of his show, Author Brendan Behan terrorized the English audience with extempore outbursts, matched booze for boos, refused to heed the actors when they faced him across the footlights and thundered: "Shut up" (Sept. 20). An adaptation of Novelist John Hersey's *The Wall* (about Nazi extermination of Polish Jews) stars George C. Scott (Oct. 11). Judy Holliday is an odd but interesting choice as the star of *Laurette*, adapted



PLAYWRIGHT WILLIAMS
Promises to atone.

from Marguerite Courtney's excellent, unrestrained biography of her mother, the late Actress Laurette Taylor (Oct. 27). Eli Wallach will take over the role Laurence Olivier created in London in Eugene Ionesco's symbolic *Rhinoceros*, a play in which everyone but the hero, the last individual, turns into a horny beast (Dec. 3). Sir Laurence himself arrives in Jean Anouilh's *Becket*. With one eye on history and another on the forces that motivate it, the French playwright follows England's Henry II and Archbishop of Canterbury Thomas à Becket through the murder in the cathedral (Oct. 5).



COMPOSER LOEWE & LYRICIST LERNER
Knights of the box office.

MYSTERY: *The Mousetrap*, Agatha Christie's first play on Broadway since *Witness for the Prosecution*, perpetrates its murder in a snowbound manor. Still on stage in London after nearly eight years of continuous performances, it is the longest running play in the history of the English theater (Nov. 5).

TIN PAN ALLEY

The Shady Side of the Street

"In a world that's so troubled and so insecure," says a vice president of a music publishing firm trying to make it sound psychologically profound, "teen-agers find that the only thing that's eternal and everlasting is love after death." Since that's what the young are supposed to want, that's what they are getting. The more violent the death, the more violent the passion pouring from the nation's jukeboxes. Keens one kid on *Teen Angel*, an M-G-M release:

*Tenn angel, can you hear me?
Tenn angel, can you see me?
Are you somewhere up above,
And am I still your own true love?*

Tenn angel, it develops, went to heaven when she left the side of her steady date, ran back to his stalled car to retrieve his high-school ring, and was flattened by a train. Another current song records the fate of a red Indian named *Running Bear* (Mercury) who leaps into angry rapids to swim to his Little White Dove. She dives in, too, from the opposite bank of the river, and they drown happily into the hereafter. But nothing in the 1960 morbid-ditty collection can touch *Tell Laura I Love Her* (RCA Victor), a best-selling ballad set in the flaming wreckage of a stock car. Tommy, the dying driver, has entered the race to win money to buy a wedding ring; he gasps out the hit tune with his dying breath and departs for heaven.

Funereal Chimes. Trapped in soda fountains or chrome-aluminum roadside diners and forced to listen to such uplift, elders may blink in dismay. Pop songs are now, more than ever before, tailored to the adolescents who buy them. But the gloom boom is not new.

There was, for example, *The Lady in Crepe*, a woman whose husband, according to the ballad popular in the 1890s, had drowned in Long Island Sound. The mourning widow subsequently went fishing there.

*Her line grew heavy as lead,
When up rose a creature whose every
feature
Resembled her husband dead.
"Come hither to me in the deep blue
sea,"
And he gave such a tug on the line
That he dragged her down in her sea-
green gown,
While she sang "Forever Thine."*

Even more touching was the situation of the poor man in *In the Baggage Coach Ahead* (1896), who sat in a train trying to hush his crying baby. The child's face

* All dates as of last week.

reminded him of his late wife, making the trip in a coffin elsewhere on the train.

Telephones had barely become popular before a little girl was on the line, in a popular song, singing: "Hello, Central, give me Heaven." She wanted to talk to her mother. And never did the eternal triangle chime more funereally than it did in the Nineties, most notably under the hand of Paul Dresser, songwriter (*The Banks of the Wabash*), monologist, medicine-wagon minstrel and older brother of Theodore Dreiser. Dresser's *He Brought Home Another* might have qualified as the first great aria in soap opera.

*While they were honeymooning,
In the mansion on the hill,
Kind hands were laying Nellie
To rest, behind the mill.*

In the '30s, came *Gloomy Sunday*. "In death I'm caressing you," mourned a lonely lover, "with the last breath of my soul I'll be blessing you." Song pluggers boasted that the ditty gave a big boost to suicide rates all over the world, particularly along the blue Danube, where students were said to have jumped in in droves.

Locomotive Chorus. When country singing came out of the hills, its highly developed morbid strain came too, and the form soon adapted itself to new material: guitarists began twanging out such up-to-date items as *Old Man Atom* with a locomotive chorus ("Hir-o-shi-ma, Naga-sa-ki"). When little Kathy Fiscus died at the bottom of a California well in 1949, the *Ballad of Kathy Fiscus* was probably inevitable, like the more recent *Ballad of Caryl Chessman* and today's *Ballad of Francis Powers*.

Out of such a tradition and its emotions, transferred to the Lolita generation, it was also predictable that 1960's *Tell Laura I Love Her*, a collector's item among bad records, would bring a response from Laura. It has come—with the just-released *Tell Tommy I Miss Him*, whose sales are already climbing toward 50,000 records. Laura lugubriously moans:

*He wanted so much to make me his
wife;
Now our love lives on though he lost
his life.*

RADIO

Death in the Afternoon

No soap opera is an island. When *Helen Trent* died in June, the bell was really tolling for *Ma Perkins*, *The Second Mrs. Burton* and all their kin. Over the past decade radio networks have been steadily losing time to their affiliated stations (who prefer to schedule local disk jockeys, with whom they can make far more money). Across the country fewer stations scheduled network drama every season; sooner or later the "soaps" had to go. NBC scrapped them at the beginning of this year. Last week CBS announced that the last seven on the air would die on Nov. 25, when *Young Dr. Malone* will take his last stitch in radio time.

Back from Beyond

To the Soviet Union last week went honors for the most spectacular satellite achievement since Sputnik I: Russian scientists became the first to send living animals into space orbit and to recover them successfully.

The dramatic launching was dramatically announced. Into the hushed Moscow courtroom where the fate of U-2 Pilot Francis Powers was being deliberated rushed a Soviet official, with word that the U.S.S.R. had just orbited a 10.143-lb. animal-carrying satellite.

Russia's huge "flying zoo" was the heaviest object ever fired by man into space, more than twice the weight of Midas II, the biggest U.S. satellite. Aboard the bulky capsule as it spun around the earth in a near-perfect circular orbit were two dogs—named Strelka (Arrow) and



tened to their bodies relayed their blood pressure, temperature, pulse and breathing rate back to earth. Strelka seemed to bear up better than Belka under the rigors of weightless space travel; her breathing rate remained at a steady 30 pants per minute, while Belka's dropped sharply to twelve. On the ground, excited Russian scientists clustered around a closed-circuit television screen; a camera inside the satellite followed the curious, white-haired space mutts in their tiny cells.

As the satellite circled the earth once every 90.6 min. at an altitude of 198.8 miles, its powerful radios broadcast its presence to listening stations all over the world. A ham radio operator in Cleveland tracked its course across the summer sky for a full eleven minutes. On its 18th pass around the world, an electronic command flashed up from earth, triggered rockets that altered the satellite's course and pointed it back toward earth. A quick blast from retro-rockets slowed its descent, and a special thermal shield protected the satellite's skin against the heat generated by rapid descent through the earth's atmosphere. The capsule, with its canine passengers, was ejected automati-



Associated Press

RUSSIAN "TV PHOTOS" OF SPACE DOGS IN ORBIT
Prowess for the spectacular.

Belka (Squirrel)—rats, mice and flies, as well as land and water plants, fungi and seeds. U.S. engineers estimated that the multi-stage rocket that boosted this bizarre collection into space must have had a first-stage thrust of at least 800,000 lbs.—twice as much thrust as the most powerful U.S. missile possesses.⁶

Alive & Well. In their hermetically sealed cabins, equipped with air-purifying chemicals similar to those used in U.S. atomic submarines, spacesuit-clad Strelka and Belka lolled in a constant 77° temperature. Old space dogs (each of them had taken short rocket rides before), they stared at each other through a pane of glass and ate eagerly from an automatic feeding apparatus while instruments fas-

cally floated down separately. Both satellite and capsule, said the Russians, landed astonishingly close—within 6.2 miles—to a pre-selected (but still secret) target area. Soviet physiologists rushed to the scene, hastily broke open the capsule and examined its inhabitants, pronounced them "alive and well." In a laboratory, the dogs munched jellied candy, the mice ate cookies and the flies buzzed angrily around the jars in which they had been imprisoned during flight. Said a Russian scientist: "We have crossed the threshold of manned space flight."

Maybe a Mack? Once again, in spectacular fashion, Russia had demonstrated its space prowess. Grumbled an envious U.S. scientist: "Next thing you know, they'll have a soccer team and a Mack truck up there." In England, Jodrell Bank's famed Astronomer Bernard Lovell flatly predicted that the Russians would put a man into space, "perhaps within a couple of months."

⁶ The U.S.'s Atlas intercontinental missile has a first-stage thrust of 360,000 lbs. In the works, but still years away from operational capacity: Saturn, a space-research vehicle that will have an initial thrust of 1,500,000 lbs., could boost a full crew of human astronauts into orbit.

"That's It"

Poet John Donne once listed "goe and cathe a falling star" among life's impossible jobs. And Air Force Captain Harold E. Mitchell, who had been assigned the chore, last week had reason to agree: he had missed the week before. His specially equipped C-119 Flying Boxcar, patrolling a 12,000-sq.-mi. patch of the Pacific near Hawaii, had tried to snare Discoverer XIII's descending instrument capsule, coming from outer space, in mid-air. He almost caught it—but had to watch helplessly while the capsule fell to the ocean below, to be picked up by the U.S. Navy.

Narrow Margin. Last week Mitchell got another chance. Discoverer XIV had been fired atop a Thor-Agena rocket from Vandenberg, Calif., and once again Mitchell's squadron was alerted. Mitchell slapped a cap on his red-thatched head, kissed his wife and promised: "I'll get it this time, honey." This time he did. But the margin of success was narrow indeed.

For its first six passes around the earth, Discoverer XIV looked sick. At the Air Force Ballistic Missile Division in Inglewood, Calif., the project officer, Colonel C. Lee Battle, listened gloomily as tracking reports filtered in. The news was bad; on only its second pass, Discoverer XIV started to pitch drunkenly; its stabilizing jets, struggling desperately to halt the satellite's violent gyrations, began draining precious fuel. Battle figured Discoverer's fuel supply would be so low by the 17th circuit—when its instrument package was to be cut loose—that the capsule could not be aimed at the prominent target area. He sighed: "We're dead." Battle's pessimism was premature. When its erratic wobbling was corrected, Discoverer XIV's tanks still held 1,000 lbs. of gas pressure—more than enough to launch its capsule directly at the target, a plot of ocean 390 miles southwest of Hawaii.

Dead Ahead. Four minutes after Discoverer's capsule dropped back toward earth at an electronic command, Captain Mitchell picked up radio signals and spotted its brightly colored parachute, dead ahead at 16,000 ft. Under his fuselage, in an inverted V, hung twin 38-ft. booms; between them, trapeze-fashion, stretched a nylon rope and a grappling hook with which Mitchell hoped to foul the cords of Discoverer's parachute, snag its canopy. Winch operators would then take over, reel the dangling capsule into the plane. At 12,000 ft., Mitchell made a pass—and missed by a breathtaking 6 in. The parachute continued its float down. Mitchell made another pass at it 10,000 ft., but brought his C-119 in too high. He wheeled back for a third try, which he knew must be his last. At 8,500 ft., Mitchell carefully made his final pass, heard a crewman shout: "That's it. You've got hold of it."

For his "feat of great national significance," Mitchell was promptly awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross. And General Electric Co. hinted that a Discoverer capable of carrying a small primate—probably a chimpanzee—would be ready for firing into space within a month.



ASTRONAUTIX COBB
Tolent for the trip.

From Aviatrix to Astronautix

One day last February, trim, 30-year-old Geraldyn Cobb packed a single suitcase, said goodbye to her fellow workers at Aero Design and Engineering Co. in Bethany, Okla., and left for a supposed week's vacation with her parents in Ponca City, 90 miles away. Jerrie Cobb never reached home.

Last week Jerrie's strange disappearance was explained in Stockholm by Dr. W. Randolph Lovelace II, chairman of the Special Committee on the Life Sciences for Project Mercury, the U.S. astronaut program. Jerrie Cobb had spent her "vacation" in Albuquerque, N. Mex. undergoing a brutal battery of 75 separate physical and psychological tests. She was jabbed with an electric needle, rocked back and forth on a tilting table to test her circulation. Her sense of balance was measured by squirting cold water into her ear canals to induce dizziness. Psychologists peppered her with 195 questions (sample: "Do you wish you were dead and away from it all?"), evaluated her ability to adjust to new environments, grasp complicated instructions, keep her sense of humor. The result, according to Dr. Lovelace: she had qualified to "live, observe and do optimal work in the environment of space, and return safely to earth." Jerrie Cobb had become the first U.S. lady astronaut.

Planks on the Pedals. A slender (5 ft. 7 in., 121 lbs.) blonde, Jerrie demonstrated a point that many scientists have long believed: that women may be better equipped than men for existing in space. Reported Project Mercury's Lovelace: women have lower body mass, need significantly less oxygen and less food, hence may be able to go up in lighter capsules, or exist longer than men on the same supplies. Since women's reproductive organs are internally located, they should

be able to tolerate higher radiation levels.

The first astronautix (measurements: 36-27-34) eats hamburgers for breakfast, is an old hand at airplanes, with more air time—over 7,500 hrs.—than any of the male astronauts. The daughter of a then Air Corps captain, Jerrie learned to fly her father's Waco biplane when she was just twelve years old. "Dad fastened 12 in. planks on the pedals so I could reach," she explains.

Now advertising and sales-promotion manager for Aero Design, Bachelor Girl Cobb flew a twin-engined Aero Commander in 1957 to 30,361 ft., a world altitude record for a plane of its class, last year piloted another Commander over an official 2,000-kilometer course at an average speed of 226.148 m.p.h. for another class record. "She's calm as hell in a plane," says an Oklahoma pilot. "There's no fumbling with the radio dials for new frequencies, no fluttering of charts. She's the best organized girl pilot I've ever seen—and the most feminine."

Guinea Pig. Astronautix Cobb has no qualms about being a scientific guinea pig, is looking forward to the months of arduous training that will precede her first flight aloft. Next on her rugged schedule: a newly devised, underwater isolation test. Then, in pressure suit and altitude chamber, Jerrie will undergo explosive decompression. She will be whirled about violently in a high-velocity "spinning wheel," seated in an oven-hot chamber, and exposed to dozens of other rigors designed to prepare her for the mental and physical stresses of life in a space capsule. If all goes well, perhaps in late 1962 Jerrie Cobb will don a formless pressure suit, tuck her pony-tail into a helmet and hop atop a rocket for the long, lonely trip into space.

Ticket to the Moon

*Sing-song, merry-go-round,
Here we go off to the moon-oh.*

The price of a ticket to the moon, in the children's nursery rhyme, was a single founding penny and the method of transportation a kite. For the rocket-borne commercial space traveler of the future, the tab will be considerably higher—but still astonishingly low. In a detailed cost analysis presented to last week's international space symposium in Stockholm, three Douglas Aircraft Co. engineers estimated that a scant \$500 should one day cover basic costs of one passenger's round-trip transportation, by nuclear spaceship, to the moon. The price to Mars: \$4,000 during a two-month "tourist season"—the period when the Red Planet's orbit brings it closest to the earth.

The analysis does not include "indirect costs" of operating a commercial space line—maintenance, administration, advertising, ticketing and profit—but its authors insist these charges should parallel standard airline operating expenses. All costs included, the estimated price of a round-trip ticket to the moon would be \$500—about \$40 less than the current first-class jet fare from New York to Paris and back.

RELIGION

Reunion in Peking

The Walsh brothers, James and William, were only a year apart in their family of nine brothers and sisters. They were inseparable while they grew up in Cumberland, Md. and later at Mount St. Mary's College in Emmitsburg, where they both graduated in the class of 1910. Fortnight ago they saw each other in a Communist jail in Peking—for what will almost certainly be the last time on earth.

Twelve years ago, just before the fall of Nationalist China, Roman Catholic Bishop James Edward Walsh went back to China (after 18 years of missionary work there) as executive secretary of the Catholic Central Bureau, coordinating Catholic missionary, cultural and welfare activities. In 1955, when offered repatriation with 21 other Americans, he refused. Last March the Communists announced that Bishop Walsh, 69, had been sentenced to 20 years' imprisonment for espionage and conspiracy. His brother, Judge William Concanon Walsh, 70, who still lives in Cumberland, applied for a visa to visit him. One morning early in July, a cable from Peking granted the request.

Bringing a gold rosary sent by Mount St. Mary's, as well as vitamins, candy bars, clothes, and a box of cigars, Judge Walsh was shown into his brother's prison, where a grey-clad official lectured him on what was permitted—no mention of the trial, no notes, discussion limited to family matters. The rosary was forbidden; only "necessities" might be given to prisoners.

Flanked by two guards, a prison official and an interpreter, the two brothers met across a table and began, awkwardly at first, to chat. The bishop said he shared a cell in the hospital section with a 40-year-

old Chinese who could speak English, that he received Chinese English-language papers, that he tried to keep in shape with morning calisthenics—"we did the same exercises with Papa." No, he had not been allowed to say Mass since his arrest 22 months ago.

And so it went for half an hour—and during two other visits. During their last meeting, the bishop said gently: "Nobody likes to be confined, but I'm not unhappy. Let's leave the future in the hands of God." When his brother was taken away by the guard, Judge Walsh watched him from the window of the visitors' room as the bishop crossed the courtyard to his cell. The judge called to him, and the bishop stopped, looked back and waved. "So long, James," the judge said.

Sin for Six-Year-Olds

Angels have beautiful clothes made of pink and lavender nylon, even the latest rockets cannot penetrate Heaven, and the Devil is full of uranium. These are some of the up-to-the-minute theories of small-fry theology turned up in a survey of six- to ten-year-olds conducted by Professor Theophil Thun, 59, of the Pädagogische Akademie (Teachers College) in Paderborn, Germany. Professor Thun was less interested in theology than in charting the juvenile sense of sin, and his findings indicate that at six as well as at 60, sin often seems whatever is most fun—such as "scuffling and kicking and throwing stones" and "sticking out my tongue at people."

Grave sins cited by German second-graders most often included throwing away food or money or "making fun of God." But one moppet, asked to describe a small sin, disconcertingly replied, "Playing cowboy and taking Father's rifle and

saying there's no bullet in it but there is and you shoot somebody dead."

Nine- and ten-year-olds tended to list murder as the prime example of serious sin, but several sophisticates cited "committing adultery." In this age-group, serious sinning took in a wide range of behavior, from "throwing snowballs at Granny" to "pushing children in front of cars"; from "trampling flowers" to "setting fire to a hospital or a big old folks' home."

Summing up his survey, Professor Thun rates aggressive and destructive tendencies as first in the child's garden of evil, followed by thievery, sex ("pulling down your pants in front of other children"), sacrilege ("calling God a dope"), disobedience and, lastly, that mysterious entity known as Grown-Up Sins.

Looking for a Miracle

Deep in the interior of Brazil's state of Bahia last week, the population of the town of Bom Jesus de Lapa was swollen from its usual 4,500 to a teeming 500,000—sweltering, brawling, praying through fetid nights and sun-baked days. Beggars chanted their off-key songs and picked their scabs till the blood ran, priests dashed about performing ten-minute marriages and baptisms, police struggled unsuccessfully to keep the number of arrests in some ratio to the number of crimes, and hucksters had a field day. A man could buy a wedding ring or an aphrodisiac at the same stand; statuettes of Christ and the Virgin competed with jaguar skins, dice tables and 275 prostitutes.

The summer-long festival of the Good Jesus was drawing to a close. And with more than \$40,000 in the coffers of the local church, it was clearly the most successful in the festival's 250 years.

Playboy to Hermit. The Festival of the Good Jesus began with a rich young Lisbon playboy, born in 1657, who left Portugal and lit out for Brazil at the age of 22—just ahead of an irate husband, Francisco de Mendonça Mar settled in the bustling port city of Bahia and carried on in the manner to which he was accustomed until a row with the governor landed him in jail. When prisoners were released to help defend the city against Dutch pirates, Francisco dodged conscription by dressing as a monk and carrying a small crucifix. He slipped out of the beleaguered city and started walking inland.

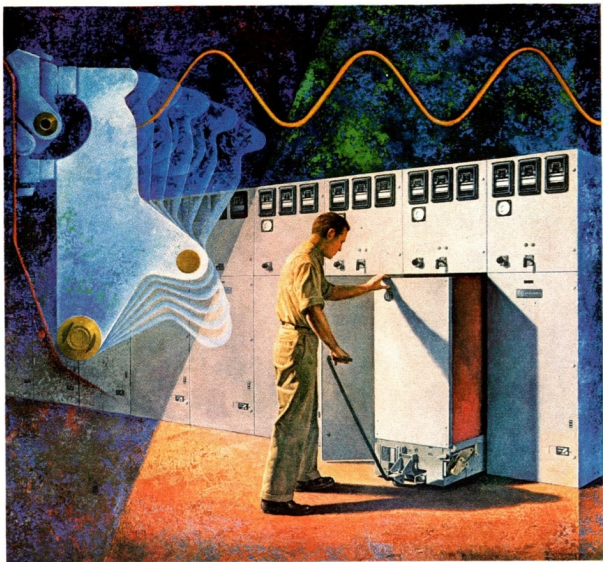
For two parched and half-starved months he walked, and somewhere along the line he found his faith. One day he came to a high sugarloaf mountain honeycombed with passages and caves. In one of these caves Francisco began to live the life of a hermit. Within a few years, however, the discovery of gold brought prospectors into the area, and word soon spread of the miracles performed by the young holy man "with long blond hair to his waist and jet-black eyes." After a while all Brazil seemed to be beating a path to Francisco's door.

"A Miracle!" Today Francisco's Shrine of the Good Jesus is constantly being filled by home-carved *ex voto* (tokens commemorating miraculous cures and de-



JUDGE WILLIAM (LEFT) & BISHOP JAMES WALSH

The present belongs to the goddess, but the future belongs to God.



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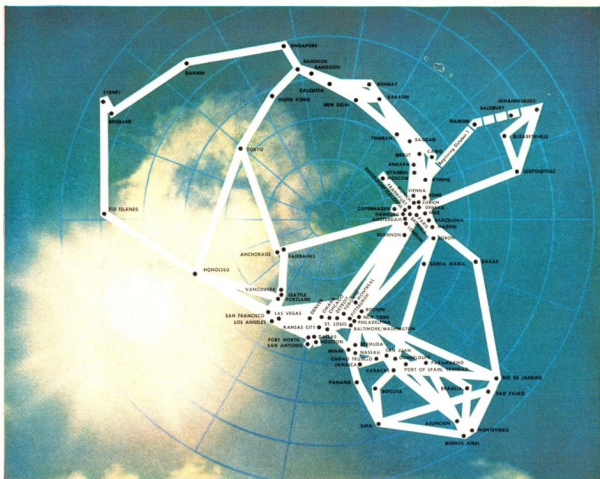
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liverances) as well as crutches, canes and hanks of hair (beards grown to secure a special blessing). As fast as they accumulate, priests remove these offerings to a nearby grotto, which is a kind of museum of so-called miracles.

The five priests assigned to the shrine do their best to discourage superstition, but without much success. Despite the fact that the church takes no official notice of the "miracles," Brazilian peasants still claim divine intervention almost daily during the festival. One day last week word came that a man had dropped dead in the grotto, and one of the priests hurried inside. The corpse of a hulking farmer lay on his face before the shrine, his dry-eyed wife standing over him. "Serves him right," she said to the padre. "He never was any good—always fighting and abusing me and the kids. I told him before we left home that he was too mean to look at the Good Jesus." Suddenly a cry rose in the crowd: "A miracle! Evil struck down by a miracle!"

Signs of a Thaw

Ever since its founding in 1948, the World Council of Churches has been cold-shouldered by the Russian Orthodox Church as well as the Vatican. At its annual meeting last week at the University of St. Andrews, the World Council's policymaking Central Committee happily noted signs of thaw on both fronts.

For the first time, a message came from Russian Orthodoxy's head, Patriarch Alexis of Moscow, who sent observers to the St. Andrews meeting. "We can only rejoice," wrote Patriarch Alexis, "when Christians come together in a common effort to reach one mind in resolving questions which separate not only themselves but all mankind."

The Central Committee also learned that the Vatican, which had refused to send official representatives to the World Council general assemblies at Amsterdam in 1948, and Evanston, Ill. in 1954, had recently created a secretariat for Christian unity to keep in touch with the ecumenical movement. The secretary of the new body, Msgr. Johannes Willebrands, was present at the St. Andrews meeting with another Catholic observer.

Quick to welcome the growing friendship between Vatican and World Council under Pope John XXIII, Dr. Franklin Clark Fry, president of the United Lutheran Church in America and chairman of the Central Committee, observed that "there is little doubt that . . . the Vatican has come to see that the ecumenical movement is not inspired by a vague humanitarianism but by the basic Christian convictions."

But World Council leaders were careful to warn against too optimistic a picture of a Catholic-Protestant alliance. Said the Rev. Henry P. Van Dusen, president of Manhattan's Union Theological Seminary: "Anything which suggests the possibility of closer unity among Christians is of course to be welcomed. But frankly, no one here really thinks that there is any possibility of reunion with Rome."

The New Pictures

Come Dance with Me (Francis Cosne: Kingsley) concerns a dentist (the late Henri Vidal) who, during an important poker game, experiences a moment of tooth. Brigitte Bardot appears, leading her sore-jawed father. It is an emergency. Vidal puts on his white jacket, jams his mirror into the sufferer's mouth, then stares entranced at the filling—Brigitte's, naturally. Before long the toothache is even worse, but he, the handsome dog, and she, the pretty thing, are in love.

They marry, they quarrel, the plot commences: Vidal seeks solace with a luscious dancing teacher (Dawn Addams) who levers him into a compromising posi-

a race-baiter who calls him "night-fighter," and Alan Ladd, a surly type who has little use for Negroes, and who is also jealous because he had outranked Poitier until a recent demotion.

As is usual in such dramas, the outfit's radio is bashed up. Poitier announces that despite its losses, the unit will follow its original orders, which were to garrison a farmhouse and hold a mountain pass against a regiment or so of Chinese. He makes a grim wisecrack about his color ("You'll be able to see me real good up there against the snow") and manfully leads his men through a mine field. Nothing that follows is very startling. The farmhouse contains the beautiful Eurasian girl (Argentine Actress Ana St. Clair)



BARDOT & VIDAL IN "COME DANCE"
A moment of tooth.

tion. Then, as she tries to blackmail him with pictures, she is murdered. Did Vidal do it? Brigitte believes not, and loyally brags about Paris trying to catch the real felon before the law puts the arm on her husband.

B.B. cannot be seen naked in this film, but there is a brief resting of the memorable scene from *And God Created Woman*, in which Brigitte's nakedness, although coyly hidden from the audience, is reflected in the bulging eyes of her lover. In a praiseworthy attempt to reach a wider audience—some unrest has been reported among wives and girl friends dragged to previous B.B. films—the producers have included several shots of handsome naked men.

All the Young Men (Holl Bartlett; Columbia) expertly blends two traditions rich in cinematic cliché—the war movie and the fearless-denunciation-of-race-bigotry movie. Sidney Poitier, an accomplished actor so discriminated against because of his color that he will probably never be allowed to play a character who is not strong, sensitive and noble, is a Marine sergeant whose unit is chopped to pieces during a Korean war skirmish. The only officer dies, and Poitier takes over, despite a near mutiny by Paul Richards,

who is saved by Poitier from the attentions of lowlife enlisted men.

A Chinese tank crushes Ladd's leg, and guess whose blood sustains him during an amputation? There is barely time for a scene heavy with symbolism, as Racist Richards wearily watches the corpses flow from Poitier to Ladd. Then the Chinese attack in force. Poitier shoots his men and Actress St. Clair out the back door of the farmhouse. Refusing to leave Ladd, he grasps a BAR and stands off the baddies until his bullets run out.

At some point early in the proceedings, studio thinkers must have decided that the film as it stood was not going to make history or much money. The solution was to ring in two bit-players—Ingemar Johansson and Mort Sahl. Heavyweight Johansson sings a campfire song prettily in Swedish, and his two basic expressions (faintly amused and faintly serious) beat Actor Ladd's range by one. Comic Sahl, the only warrior shown who looks grubby enough to be a real G.I., very nearly saves the show with one line. He cheers his mates up with a few jokes during a lull in the battle, then remarks that, seriously, things look very dark. Turning to one of his buddies, he says with a catch in his voice, "If I don't get out of this, would you call up my wife—and my girl?"

EDUCATION

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The Academically Average

Five years ago, Parsons College in Fairfield, Iowa was a classic example of the fading U.S. church-related college. Founded in 1875, Presbyterian Parsons was so broke that its entire endowment was in escrow. While other U.S. colleges fended off armies of applicants, Parsons, with a total enrollment of 212, could not even attract stragglers through newspaper ads. One jump ahead of the sheriff, it was barely two jumps from losing accreditation.

Last week, billing itself as "the fastest growing college in Mid-America," Parsons announced a booming fall enrollment of 1,487 students from 37 states. The debts are gone; the college is self-supporting from student fees alone. New buildings are sprouting, faculty salaries have almost tripled to an average \$7,200, and gifts have nearly doubled to about \$300,000 a year. What hit Parsons?

Flunkies & Indians. The answer is a pudgy, cyclonic Presbyterian minister named Millard Roberts, 41, who had made an impressive record as fund raiser for Manhattan's Brick Presbyterian Church. Swirling in as president in 1955, he treated Parsons like a sick factory. To beef up sales, Roberts fanned fast-talking admissions men throughout the Midwest and the East. He freely discounted freshman fees and even more freely solicited flunkies from other colleges. He welcomed high school graduates in the bottom half of their classes, and took some who stood dead last. Almost anyone with an IQ of 100 is now a shoo-in—and go will do.

More than 60% of Parsons' freshmen used to quit every year from boredom. Roberts fixed that; he brought in six na-

tional fraternities and sororities, jazzed up band and football uniforms, hired Court Basie and Woody Herman for spring proms. When he introduced the trimester system this summer, he spiced the package with a noncredit term touring Europe after the junior year. To make Parsons a summer festival, he staged a moonlight Mississippi cruise. Soon due: a summer semester-end blowout, complete with genuine Indians holding up a stagecoach, and contests to choose a Miss Frontier and catch a greased pig. The freshman drop-out rate has fallen to 17%.

Cut Courses. Roberts has not neglected quality control altogether. Marginal students get stiff tutoring, and most of them have done well. Of 86 flunkies imported last fall from other schools, all but eight averaged C or better, and four got straight A's. Like any shrewd businessman, Roberts has also eliminated unprofitable branches: 400 courses have been cut to 169, and it is no longer possible to major in art or music or study creative writing.

To ensure a steady capital flow, Roberts got top Midwest executives to serve as trustees, gives most of Parsons' honorary degrees to industrialists. As for personnel, he lures promising young professors with good pay and such fringe benefits as free membership in the Fairfield Country Club. Of Parsons' 80 faculty members, 42 have doctorates, a ratio in Iowa second only to Grinnell College.

Academic purists may dispute Roberts' methods, but he thinks he has the success formula for penniless U.S. church colleges. All they have to do, says he, is realize that in the dizzy U.S. race to college, "somebody has to pay attention to the academically average guy."



PRESIDENT ROBERTS, STUDENTS & FRIENDS AT IOWA'S PARSONS COLLEGE
Will greased pigs and genuine Indians do the trick?



Howard Robbins—San Francisco News-Call Bulletin
TEACHER JORALEMON

Does the alphabet lead to acne?

Mud Pies & Water Play

To the parents, most of them professional people and graduates of the best colleges in the country, Melody Workshop in Berkeley, Calif., seemed an ideal nursery school. It was run by imaginative Lila Joralemon, 35, who considers bright preschoolers capable of more than mindless play. Using music—a sure fascinator for children aged 3½ to 5—she taught the alphabet, French, good manners and good music itself. But last week Mrs. Joralemon, daughter of a Los Angeles school superintendent who for years fought against excessive permissiveness in education, was losing the same battle. To state welfare officials, her Melody Workshop is bad, because it fails to emphasize "free play." Their order: close shop.

Little Pigeons. A geologist's wife and mother of five, Teacher Joralemon began the school three years ago in her big Berkeley home, and used every minute of each 2½-hour school day to teach. Bouncing from piano to blackboard, she taught letters with rhymes ("A.B.C.D.E.F.G./Alphabet for you and me"), soon had tots answering the roll in alphabetical order. At midmorning lunch, she used the French words for utensils picked a "mother" and "father" to police manners at each table. Instead of wasting the legally required rest period, she said: "Now we are pigeons, and we make a little nest on the desk with our arms." Then she played hi-fi classical records, hoping to spur "appreciation for music throughout later life."

The kids loved it. "It's not drudgery or boredom to them," said one delighted mother. But last fall came trouble: a visit by a lady inspector from the State Department of Social Welfare, which regulates all California day nurseries on the theory that they are not educational establishments. A "play school" devotee,

the inspector expressed shock at Melody Workshop's "regimentation." She ordered the school closed, cited technical violations, e.g., the inadequacy of play space. No sooner had Mrs. Joralemon measured her play space (and found more than enough to meet the law) than she was charged with an illegal shortage of toys. Among dozens on the required list: "Loose dirt for mud pies," "tubs for water play," and "soft, cuddly dolls, boy and girl."

Big Brothers. Flabbergasted, one child's parents spent a weekend carving big wooden blocks like those on the required list, donated them to the school. Unsatisfied, welfare officials continued to denounce Teacher Joralemon's educational philosophy. Teaching tots the alphabet too early, they insist, may lead to "acne and personality problems in adolescence." The school cannot legally open next month—unless Mrs. Joralemon changes her ways. Last week one of her stoutest supporters, famed Chemist Joel Hildebrand of the University of California, appealed to the state's Advisory Commission on Education. "Big Brothers grow ever bigger and bigger," said he. But welfare officials were determined to have the last word. Bristled one of them: "Mrs. Joralemon is going to have to meet our standards or stay closed."

The Price of Status

How much does it cost to attend a free U.S. public high school? Plenty, says Education Professor Errett Hummel of Portland (Ore.) State College. The average high school student in Oregon spends \$238.46 a year on extracurricular expenses. The cost is the reason many students quit school, says Hummel.

Hummel made a year-long survey covering 88% of Oregon's high schools. He found youngsters paying as much as \$18 for a student-body card, \$30 for other tickets, and \$32 for class jewelry. Every dance steps up the bill. One father reported that it cost him \$100 to dress his daughter for a prom that cost her date more than \$20. The biggest cost: transportation. Though every school district runs buses, every teen-ager seems to want a car. The cost averages \$65.28 a year and ranges up to \$200.

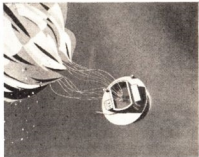
Naturally, many cannot keep up. At two high schools, only one-third of the students can afford class jewelry. At another school near Portland, only one-fifth of the students can afford the junior-senior prom. How do the outsiders feel? Aside from moving or military service, notes Hummel, the main reason students give for quitting school in Portland is "to get work and earn money." Says he:

"Those who counsel teen-agers realize that often those who are unhappy in school are those who cannot 'keep pace.' If the gang travels to the next town to take in a game and you can't go along, if the sweater for the rally or the booster's club happens to cost more than your family can afford, or if you can't stop now and then to buy a Coke after school—sometimes these things pile up until school just isn't worthwhile."

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ART



ALDO FRANCESCHINI

Return of the Prodigy

The landlord was restless about the rent; the grocer had already refused further credit; and for the Argentine couple, who had come with their young son to live in Paris, things were getting desperate. Then one day in 1938, while the parents were having one of their quarrels, the son tucked some *gouaches* he had been doing under his arm, slipped out to peddle them at the Left Bank cafés. The first painting he offered went for \$1—and that was the beginning of the astonishing rise of Aldo Franceschini, now 15.

He had started painting when he was four on the day that his mother, a dogged but unprosperous artist, gave him some paint and old brushes and told him to "go away and amuse yourself." At eight, he was picked out of 5,000 contestants to illustrate a book of Argentine tales. Though pleased, neither his mother nor his perpetually jobless father seemed to take their son's accomplishment too seriously; they even left Aldo with friends for a year while they traveled in Europe. But when they at last decided to move to Europe for good, they took Aldo along.

He was a strange, melancholy child who could spend hours in the corner of his mother's attic studio turning out nightmarish scenes of dark-skinned, contorted people and wild-eyed, gaping crocodiles and owls. He kept a dead bird hanging above his workbench, and when he was not painting, peddling or going to school, he endlessly read Gide. In time the sad-faced boy in checkered shorts became a familiar sight at the Café des Deux Magots. From \$1, his price slowly rose to \$150.

He won first prize in a contest sponsored by the Renault company, Raymond Duncan, the monkish brother of the late dancer Isadora, gave him a one-man show at the Rue de Seine gallery. He was the subject of a TV film, and articles about him began cropping up in Belgium, West Germany, Denmark, Norway and Italy.



"THE LOVERS"

Last week he was back home alone for a triumphant one-man show in Buenos Aires.

The curator of the embryonic Buenos Aires Museum of Modern Art greeted him at the airport ("Welcome to our great little painter!"). And at the show, Aldo, dressed in corduroy pants and polo shirt, seemed as at ease as an old pro. "This boy is a complete painter!" said the critic of the morning *Clarín*. "He justifies all expectations," declared the man from *El Mundo*. Lapping it all up, Aldo grandly announced that he had come home to stay, even though his parents would remain in Paris. "I must break all fetters," he said. "I cannot paint as I want when my mother calls me 'Nene' and wants me to drink hot milk before going to bed. Yesterday, Aldo, the infant prodigy, died. Today, Aldo, the painter, is born."

Family Reunion

To welcome back so distinguished an adopted son, the Swiss city of Basel just about knocked itself out that autumn day in 1538. Twelve years before, Hans Holbein the Younger had quit the town to seek richer rewards elsewhere. Now, dressed in the finest silk and velvet, he was court painter to King Henry VIII of England; his name was known throughout Europe, and Basel was ready to shower him with honors and commissions to lure him back permanently. The city failed, but it has cherished Holbein as its own ever since. This summer, when the University of Basel celebrated its 500th birthday, it decided to mark the occasion with a special tribute to the man who did not stay—a huge exhibition of 452 works, collected from eleven different countries, in honor not only of Hans but also of his father, his uncle and his brother.

Younger Holbein's father, Hans the Elder, of Augsburg, Germany, was one of the most sought-after religious painters of his day, and his younger brother Sigmund for several years worked as his assistant. For the current show, Basel

could find only a handful of oils and sketches that may have been by Sigmund, while Hans the Elder is represented by 79. The most dazzling is the famed *Fountain of Life* (see color), which once belonged to the wife of Britain's Charles II.

Bitterness & Flattery. In 1511 Holbein the Elder did a memorable drawing of the somber-looking junior Hans, aged 14. A few years later young Hans and his brother Ambrosius were seeking their fortunes as artists in Basel, which, largely because of the presence of the great Dutch scholar Erasmus, was soon to call itself "the city of humanists." Once the young Hans so flattered Erasmus with a portrait sketch that the aging celibate declared if he really looked that good, he would go right out and marry. Ambrosius is believed to have died around the age of 25, leaving Hans Holbein the Younger to become the greatest Holbein of all.

Basel could not hold him forever: the bitterness that swept over the city at the time of the Reformation so stifled intellectual life that Erasmus complained to a friend in England, "The arts are freezing in this city." Armed with letters of introduction from the old scholar, Hans finally settled in England, where he painted everyone from Sir Thomas More to King Henry VIII himself. He made a couple of visits home, but each time returned to his fatter commissions in England, and there in 1543 he died of the plague.

Pain & Sorrow. His portraits were almost ruthless in their candor. He did not even try to conceal the pain that his neglect had caused his wife, or paint out the sadness imprinted on his children's faces (see color). In time the painting joined the collection of Basilius Amerbach, whose wise and scholarly father, Bonifacius (see color), began rounding up Holbein canvases during the first convulsive years of the Reformation. After Basilius' death, the city and the university bought the Amerbach collection, which they own to this day. It is Basel's permanent tribute to an illustrious family—and to the son it lost.

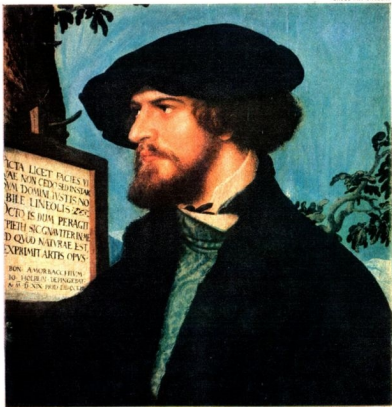


HOLBEIN SR.'S HOLBEIN JR.



DAZEL ART GALLERY

HANS HOLBEIN THE YOUNGER'S
"FAMILY" SHOWS SAD-FACED
WIFE AND TWO OLDER CHILDREN



DAZEL ART GALLERY

HANS HOLBEIN THE YOUNGER'S
"BONIFACIUS AMERBACH,"
FOUNDED HOLBEIN COLLECTION



HANS HOLBEIN THE ELDER'S "FOUNTAIN OF LIFE" WITH MARY AND CHRIST CHILD FRAMED BY ARCH OF TRIUMPH

MEDICINE

The Non-U Ulcer

Peptic ulcers (sometimes in the stomach but usually in the duodenum) are not, as often thought, just a fashionable ailment of high-pressure, upper-crust professional people. A British researcher reported last week. Comparing occupations with illnesses in 280,000 clinical records of more than 100 general practitioners. Dr. William P. D. Logan found that in class-conscious England's Social Class I, consisting mainly of professional workers, the men's ulcer rate is only 48% of the national average. But in the lowest-paid, unskilled Social Class V, the rate is 116%. In a fluid society the effort to "keep up" may be stressful. But the English laborer cannot even start to catch up, let alone keep up. This leaves him with a heavy lump of resentment and frustration. If he has no outlet for these emotions, they may cause ulcers.

The professional classes had a higher-than-average incidence of high blood pressure, scoring 120%, but Jeeves outdid them with 147%. The perfect butler achieves his imperturbability, Dr. Logan suggested, at the cost of high blood pressure. So do hotel and restaurant workers, synagogue keepers, baggage clerks and washroom attendants. "They are sufferers for the most part from other people's impatience," said Dr. Logan.

Six-Shooter

The Navy captain in his starched whites held an odd-looking gun in his hand as he faced the advancing line of men, women and children in a Warwick, R. I. fire station last week. As each approached, the captain applied the gun to an arm and fired a shot. The projectile, emerging with a muzzle velocity of 1,000 ft. per second (faster than a .45 pistol bullet), made a hole only 1/200 in. in diameter. If the crowd became too big, one of the captain's aides took up another of his six guns and went to work. In one day they shot 11,108 Rhode Islanders in the arm.

Most of the U.S. has shown a gratifying decline in paralytic poliomyelitis this year, but Rhode Island has a polio epidemic; 80 cases with five deaths since June 8. The Navy captain was Iowa-born Edward Abel Anderson, 47, who wears the Medical Corps' insignia above the four stripes on his shoulder boards. His "gun" was a Hypospray injector made by Detroit's R. P. Scherer Corp., modified to meet Dr. Anderson's suggestions. His ammunition was Salk vaccine.

The Hypospray, first offered to doctors in 1947, has found few takers outside the Navy. It is costly: \$3,000 a copy originally, now down to \$1,200. Its greatest advantage is speed. It can be loaded with enough vaccine for 55 shots, can give 1,200 an hour, does not need to be sterilized for every shot, nor have a needle changed. For the patient, it is preferable because the injection feels like a slight, instantaneous pinprick.

Dr. Anderson is the spray gun's hottest marksman, has used it to give vaccinations against typhoid in Brazil, cholera in Pakistan and Thailand, yellow fever in the Sudan, influenza at U.S. Navy stations. Now medical officer of the Quonset Point Naval Air Station, Dr. Anderson responded to Rhode Island health officers' appeals for help in mass immunization by working at makeshift clinics on his own time. He had so many takers that he has had to squeeze in his Air Station work in the mornings, now gives afternoons and evenings to the civilian clinics, which are



Winfield J. Parks, Jr.
THE NAVY'S ANDERSON AT WORK
"Hove gun, will travel."

scheduled to run through Sept. 15. By then, most of the state's susceptible population will have had two Salk inoculations, an estimated 150,000 shots by spray gun and an equal number by the conventional needle.

Last week in the Warwick fire station, the counter on Dr. Anderson's gun clicked off the 500,000th shot that he and his corpsmen have given in the past six years. Soon after, Dr. Anderson had to quit and let a corpsman relieve him; the trigger finger on his right hand, despite a golfer's glove, was too painfully blistered for him to carry on.

Belling the Cat

Many people are afraid of cats or dislike them, but Mrs. A. was an extreme case. At 37 she was sent to suburban London's Bethlem Royal Hospital because her cat phobia was running and ruining her life. She told the hospital psychiatrists that her father had drowned a kitten before her eyes when she was four. After that, as a child, the fear that the family cat might brush against her was enough to make her sit stiff at table with legs stretched straight out in the air. She

screamed if she saw a cat on the doorstep. As a World War II "Wren" (Women's Royal Naval Service), she insisted on sleeping in a top bunk.

Recently the house next door to Mrs. A.'s stood empty for months, and the neighborhood cats made its overgrown garden their playground. Afraid that they might spring at her, she was frightened when she had to hang out her laundry. She took to walking on the outside edge of the sidewalk, and refused to go out alone at night. If she visited friends who had a cat, her husband or children went into the house first to make sure the cat was put out of the parlor. Mrs. A. could not wear fur-lined gloves, or touch rabbit fur (too much like a cat's), or ride in buses or subways where a woman in a fur coat might sit next to her. In her own home she kept up a fury of activity in an effort to avoid thinking of cats. She bit her nails to the vanishing point.

Velvet & Glove. Psychiatrist Hugh L. Freeman and Psychologist Donald C. Kendrick were convinced that such phobias usually are a cover-up for some deeper emotional problem. In this case it looked as though Mrs. A.'s trouble had been suppressed hatred of her rigid, tyrannical father, which had been made vivid by the kitten-drowning incident.

The therapists decided to try a new-fangled treatment based on a complicated technical system called "behavior therapy." First they explained their plan to Mrs. A., and she, anxious to be cured, agreed to it. Freeman offered her a piece of smooth velvet to stroke—faintly reminiscent of cat fur, but not so like it as to arouse her phobia. Next, a fabric with heavier pile, then a glove of rabbit fur. At first this so upset Mrs. A. that she had to wrap it hastily in newspaper, but another patient encouraged her by wearing it, and eventually she brought herself to stroke it. Next she put up pictures of cats around the house, and soon became accustomed to them. Within three weeks she could handle catlike fur and toys, and could walk within ten yards of a live tabby.

Great Day. The real test came with a kitten chosen for its placidity. A nurse held it in her lap. Mrs. A. stroked it. At last she took it in her own lap, and burst into tears—not from distress, but from the joy of conquest. "One of the greatest days of my life," she called it.

After that, it was plain sailing. Mrs. A. took the kitten home, and as it grew, she got used to cats. She stopped walking on the edge of the sidewalk, stopped having cat nightmares, even had pleasant dreams of kittens. Then her dreams took a different turn: in them she violently counter-attacked her domineering father. Somehow, report the therapists, this resolved some conflict in her unconscious. Mrs. A. stopped her frantic busying around the house and, for the first time since childhood, has stopped biting her nails. A year after beginning treatment, the therapists report in the *British Medical Journal*, Mrs. A. shows no sign of developing another phobia to replace the one she lost.

SPORT

"To Do a Little Better"

(See Cover)

All roads led to Rome. Day after day, the swarm of tourists dumfounded white-coated policemen with questions in a dozen languages. In the Olympic Village, the world's finest athletes relaxed in new dormitories that even provided outside beds (called "De Gaulles") for the long-legged likes of U.S. basketball players. Through the streets roamed husky, black-jacketed South Africans, slim Burmese in sandals and red sweat suits, and Russians handing out bronze pins engraved with space Luniks. Long after midnight, officials found a Liberian marathoner, stop watch in hand, patiently plodding mile after mile. "It's quiet now," he explained, "and cool." In their practice sessions, tough Pakistanis played the American schoolgirl sport of field hockey with startling violence. Hungarians struck sparks with their shining sabers, bull-necked Turkish and Iranian wrestlers charged and grunted like affronted rhinos.

All this was prelude to the moment this week when Rome sends 6,200 bewildered pigeons fluttering into the sky, touches a flame to the traditional torch and opens the 1960 Olympic Games. By any standard, the games look to be the greatest in history. To see a record number of 85 countries, spectators spent a record \$3,200,000 for tickets before the first event was held. Among the athletes were scores of strong-willed and strong-muscled individualists, men and women with the zeal to toil through tedious years of training and the control to reach their peak in the brief, intense flurry of com-

petition. Even in such a high-caliber group, a dignified U.S. Negro named Rafer Johnson stood out.

By character as well as by prowess, Rafer Johnson, 25, comes close indeed to fulfilling the ancient Olympic ideals of the dedicated, all-around athlete. His event is the ten-part (*see cuts*) decathlon—a whole track meet in miniature—which combines the classic demands of speed, stamina, strength and spirit. At 6 ft. 3 in., 106 lbs., Johnson seems to have been molded especially for the decathlon. He has the slim, knobby-kneed legs of a sprinter. But above his trim, 35-in. waist, he is built like a weight man, with a torso that mushrooms to a 46-in. chest, and shoulders that are thick with slabs of muscle.

"He is Gentle." Even more important, Johnson has shown a monastic dedication to sport that would please the most spiritual of Olympic enthusiasts. He has shrugged off crippling injuries. In competition he has cheered on his most dangerous opponents. Says the Rev. Louis Evans, pastor of Los Angeles' Bel Air Presbyterian Church: "This is a most remarkable human being. He is as gentle as a child, and yet he is tremendously competitive."

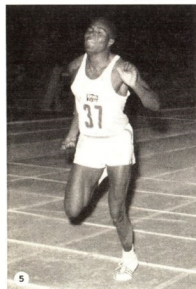
This summer Johnson scored 8,683 points* in the decathlon to break by 326 points the world record of Russia's Vasily Kuznetsov, 28. In the eyes of many coaches of many sports, this qualifies Johnson as the finest athlete in the world. Johnson remains unsatisfied. "Rafer has always seen his objectives with almost frightening clarity," says a friend. The present objective—amounting almost to an obsession—of Decathlon Star Rafer Johnson is to win a gold medal in Rome.

⊕ In the decathlon, each competitor's performance in each of the ten events is measured against a formidable 78-page book of tables.



DECATHLON 100-METER: Johnson (10.5) Yang (10.6), Kuznetsov (10.7)

"He's a Gentleman." Rafer Johnson's struggle to win a gold medal the two-day event next week in many ways reflects the keenness of competition at the 1960 Olympics. It is the challenge of his career. He knows his top foes all too well. One of them, Formosa's Yang Chuankwang, 27, is a fellow student at U.C.L.A., has shared Johnson's workouts for the past two years, Lean and limber as bamboo. Yang is improving with impressive speed. And Johnson's duel with Russia's Kuznetsov dates back to the Melbourne Olympics in 1956, when Johnson finished second and Kuznetsov third to New Jersey's Milt Campbell. In 1958, Johnson defeated Kuznetsov in Moscow in the dramatic U.S.-U.S.S.R. track meet. Twice, Kuznetsov has taken away Johnson's world record; twice, Johnson has won it back. Says Johnson: "I know Kuznetsov well enough to know three things about him. He's a fine athlete. He's a gentleman. And he's a competitor."



400-METER RUN: Johnson (47.9) Yang (48.0), Kuznetsov (48.6)



110-METER HIGH HURDLES: Yang (14.1) Johnson (14.2), Kuznetsov (14.4)



DISCUS: Johnson (170' 6 1/2") Kuznetsov (165' 9"), Yang (138' 5 1/2")



BROAD JUMP: Yang (25' 5")
Johnson (24' 9 1/4"), Kuznetsov (24' 7")



SHOTPUT: Johnson (52')
Kuznetsov (50' 9 1/4"), Yang (46' 7 3/4")



HIGH JUMP: Yang (6' 4 3/4")
Johnson (6' 3"), Kuznetsov (6' 2 3/4")

Man to Man. The competition between Johnson, Kuznetsov and Yang will be just one of the dozens of clashes that will decide the unofficial team title in Rome. Russia, the winner in 1956, is favored again largely because of strength in such sports as weight lifting and women's track, plus a crack gymnastic team that will pick up a dozen or so gold medals, offsetting U.S. superiority in men's track. Inevitably, the scoring of the Olympics by newsmen and public as a testing of national prestige will be decry by officials. The rule book plainly states: "The Olympics are a contest between individuals." Says Avery Brundage, president of the International Olympic Committee: "When the gun is fired, each man knows he's on his own. The whole principle of the Olympics is man-to-man competition."

Man-to-man competition, most evident in the decathlon, is present throughout the Olympics. In each event, the Olympic idea and ideals are the same. Among the best

athletes who will, like Johnson, be on their own when the gun fires:

¶ In the 1,500 meters—the prestige race of the Olympics—Australia's **Herb Elliott**, 22, will take on the world, including Ireland's **Ron Delany**, winner of the gold medal in 1956, and the U.S.'s fast-improving **Dyrol Burleson**, World record holder in the 1,500 meters (3:36) and in the mile (3:54.5). Elliott has been hampered by a bad left foot this year, and some critics claim that he is not the runner he was since getting married in May 1959. But Elliott has recently been training as of old, loping up sand dunes to strengthen his legs for what should be the finest race of the Olympics. Insists his coach, goated Percy Cerutti: "Herb Elliott is more mature, faster, stronger and dedicated. He's faster right now than he ever was."

¶ In the 100- and 200-meter dashes, California's rangy **Ray Norton**, 22, will face half a dozen international stars who

will need only the slightest break to beat him to the gold medals. Norton is the favorite because of his consistency under pressure and a smooth, driving stride that picks up speed as the race goes on. The long shot: West Germany's **Armin Hary**, 23, a Frankfurt department store clerk, who gets off the mark fast, ran the 100 meters in a world record time of 10 sec. Hary suffers from brittle nerves, and in preparation for the stress of Rome has been taking long walks in the country. In the end, Norton's chief threats will probably be his American teammates, such as **Dave Sime**, 24, in the 100, and **Stone Johnson**, 20, in the 200.

¶ In the shotput, the U.S. whales will wage a private war that will likely produce the most fascinating field event on the



POLE VAULT: Yang (14' 2 1/2")
Kuznetsov (14' 1 1/4"), Johnson (13' 1 1/4")



JAVELIN: Johnson (238' 2")
Yang (233' 2 1/4"), Kuznetsov (222' 2 1/4")



1,500-METER RUN: Kuznetsov (4:45.2)
Yang (4:51), Johnson (4:54.2)

program. Back for a try at his third gold medal is California's **Parry O'Brien**, patriarch of the herd at 28, whose best effort this year (63 ft. 5 in.) nonetheless stands a poor third to that of Arizona's 20-year-old **Dallas Long** (64 ft. 6½ in.) and Kansas' **Bill Nieder**, 26, the world record holder (65 ft. 10 in.). As the equalizer, O'Brien counts on his imposing reputation to demoralize his teammates, but Army Lieut. Nieder, who dislikes the hulking sight of his rival, says disdainfully: "O'Brien can't 'psych' me out." Top foreign challenger is Britain's **Arthur Rowe**, a blacksmith who shows off to fans by licking a red-hot bar, practices behind a neighborhood pub, and despite a commendable toss of 62 ft. 1 in., is expected to be completely psyched by the Americans in Rome.

¶ In the jumping events, three U.S. world record holders are expected to land on the winner's stand. High Jumper **John Thomas**, 19, lectures himself before each attempt ("Now, John, don't duck your head into the bar"), takes his own advice so well that no one thinks his best jump of 7 ft. 3½ in. is his peak. Pole Vaulter **Don ("Tarzan") Bragg**, 25, has hauled his fullback's body (6 ft. 3 in., 197 lbs.) up 15 ft. 9½ in. Broad Jumper **Ralph Boston**, 21, holds the unofficial world record of 26 ft. 11½ in., will likely get his strongest competition from Germany's **Dr. Manfred Steinbach**, 27, whose best jump of 26 ft. 8½ in. was disqualified because of a tailwind.

¶ In women's track, Tennessee State's **Wilma Rudolph** is the star of a U.S. team that is determined to score some surprises against the strong Australians and Russians. The 17th child in a family of 19, Wilma had rheumatic fever as an infant, did not walk until she was seven, and then wore braces for a couple of years. Star pupil of Shotputter O'Brien is **Earlene Brown**, a 25-year-old Los Angeles housewife, who is now up to a hefty throwing weight of 225 lbs. for the shot and the discus, after slimming down to 194 lbs. to have a baby.

¶ In men's swimming, Australia's barrel-chested **John Konrads**, 18, will be the man to beat in the 400 and 1,500 meters. The greatest swimmer in history, Konrads drives himself six miles a day in training,

gulps as many as 18 vitamin pills before a race, treats distance events as sprints and holds seven world records. But Konrads may have to swim faster than ever before to beat Teammate **Murray Roso**, 21, winner of both the 400 and 1,500 meters at Melbourne's 1956 Olympics, and Japan's stocky **Tsuyoshi Yamanaka**, 21, who has smoothed out his rough arm stroke. In the 200-meter butterfly, Indiana's bull-shouldered **Mike Troy**, 19, will be the surest gold-medal swimming prospect for the U.S. The world record holder (2:13.2), Troy fattens up on milkshakes and slims down with as many as three workouts a day.

¶ In women's swimming, California's 16-year-old **Chris von Saltza** will be the favorite in the 400 meters, the top race for the girls. Holder of the world record (4:44.5), Chris is the long and leggy (5 ft. 10 in., 140 lbs.) blonde leader of a strong U.S. team. Chris planes high and flat in the water like a surfboard, has a sea lion's endurance—and a teen-ager's superstition about a good-luck plastic frog, which she solemnly stations by her starting block before a race. Her challengers: Australia's **Dawn Fraser**, 22, an octogenarian by swimming standards, and the slumping, doubt-ridden **Ilsa Konrads**, the 16-year-old kid sister of John. World Record Holder Fraser will be the favorite in the 100 meters (her main threat: Chris von Saltza), and a dark horse in the 100-meter butterfly, thereby stands an outside chance of winning three gold medals on her own, plus a fourth for the 400-meter freestyle relay.

A Champion Apart. With so extraordinary an assemblage of great athletes concentrated in Rome, why do so many Olympic performers and coaches look upon Rafer Johnson as a champion apart? The answer lies deeper than a lifetime of phenomenal athletic performance. For the spirit of the Olympic games is more than the will to win; it is the quality of competing with honor, courage and character. Says Calvin Johnson (no kin), a longtime friend of Johnson's and a doctor now in training to be a medical missionary: "I've never met anyone like him, in medicine, the clergy, wherever. He has a profound respect for other people, and a profound humbleness."

Rafer Johnson was born to Elma and

Lewis Johnson in a town named Hillsboro, south of Dallas. He was just 18 months old when his family moved to an all-Negro district of Dallas. There Rafer spent his early years in a bitter little world of segregation, discrimination and poverty. "I don't care if I never see Texas again," Johnson says, with a rare flash of anger. "There's nothing about it I like. If my family had stayed in Texas, I not only wouldn't be representing the U.S. in the Olympic Games—I wouldn't even have gone to college."

In 1945 Lewis Johnson moved his growing family of three boys and two girls to California, where he caught on as a section hand for the Southern Pacific. The family ended up in the quiet town of Kingsburg (pop. 1,500), 30 miles south of Fresno in the heart of the San Joaquin Valley. For a year, with nothing but a ragged curtain as a dividing "wall," the seven Johnsons made their home in a boxcar on a siding near a cannery.

In time they were befriended by Edward Fishel, owner of a small animal-feed processing plant, who hired Rafer's father as a handyman, his mother as a domestic, moved the family out of the boxcar and into a small house. Things went fine until the town's police chief told the Fishels to fire the Johnsons, then threatened Mrs. Johnson herself: "I don't want to see the sun set on any niggers in this town." The Fishels stood their ground, the Johnsons ignored the threats, and nothing further happened. The police chief later left the job.

"A Decathlon Man." There never was any doubt that Rafer would be an athlete. "First thing I remember about Rafer," says Benton Bowen, co-publisher of the weekly *Kingsburg Recorder*, "was that my daughter came telling that the principal had asked the new boy to stop hitting the baseball so hard—he was breaking all the bats."

As a high school athlete, Johnson became a legend. In football, he led Kingsburg to three league championships, as a granitic, 195-lb. left halfback averaged over 9 yds. per carry. In basketball, he averaged 17 points a game. In baseball, he hit over .400. But track was his sport—anything in track. In Johnson's junior year, Track Coach Murl Dodson drove



HARRY Horstmuller



Fred Lyon—SHOTS ILLUSTRATED
DELANEY



Gray Villiet—LIFE
NORTON



Jerry Cooke—SHOTS ILLUSTRATED
ELLIOTT



George Silk—LIFE
THOMAS

When that gun goes off, each man is alone and on his own.



John O. Grady—Sydney Morning Herald
AUSTRALIA'S KONRADS



U.S.'s VON SALTZA

At the grey edge of exhaustion, honor, courage and character.

him the 24 miles down to Tulare to watch Local Hero Bob Mathias compete in the event he had won as a 17-year-old in the 1948 Olympics in London and at Helsinki in 1952: the decathlon. "On the way back," says Johnson, "it struck me. I could have beaten most of the guys in that meet. That's when I decided to be a decathlon man." Only four weeks later, Johnson won California's Junior A.A.U. Decathlon Championship. In his senior year, Johnson won it again, then went off to the National A.A.U. Championship in Atlantic City. Competing against the biggest names in U.S. track, he finished a respectable third. That should have been enough to please an 18-year-old, but it did not satisfy Rafer Johnson. He hadn't won.

Triumph & Defeat. At least two dozen colleges bid for Johnson. He chose U.C.L.A. "because there was something about the atmosphere I liked." To concentrate on the decathlon, Johnson passed up college football, much to the frustration of the late coach Red Sanders, who saw in Johnson a future brilliant tailback in U.C.L.A.'s single-wing formation. Freshman Johnson improved fast enough in the decathlon to win the 1955 Pan American Games in Mexico City, celebrated by scoring 7,985 points at a welcome-home meet in Kingsburg—thereby breaking Mathias's world record by 95 points.

In 1956, Johnson won his first national championship and became the favorite to win the Olympics that November in Melbourne. Then his battered left knee, injured in high school football, began to swell. Just before the games Johnson tore a stomach muscle. It was painful even to walk, worse to run. Each jump ripped the muscle more. Johnson's two agonizing days came to a climax in the final event, the 1,500 meters. To finish second behind Milt Campbell and to stave off Kuznetsov, Johnson needed to run the best 1,500 of his career. He did. "Sure it hurt," says Johnson, "but what was I going to do? Quit? I was representing the U.S. I had to break five minutes. I could feel the Russian breathing down my neck all the way."

The Russian was still breathing down Johnson's neck in 1958 during the U.S.-U.S.S.R. track meet in Moscow. Weeks before, Kuznetsov had set a world rec-

ord of 8,014 points. In one of the memorable duels in sports history, Johnson defeated Kuznetsov 8,302 to 7,897 to regain the world record—and find himself a hero to the Russians. Johnson was kissed on the cheek by Kuznetsov, a bouquet of flowers was pressed into his huge hand, and a band of jubilant Russians later tossed him into the air in triumph. "I'd gone over there thinking we'd be abused one way or the other," says Johnson. "But they cheered the performance, not the man or the nationality." On the strength of his showing in Moscow, Rafer Johnson was named Sportsman of the Year by **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.**

"Natural Leadership." Unlike many another star athlete, Johnson did not use his college as a mere mail drop and a spot to hang his spikes. At U.C.L.A., Johnson's record of campus leadership was fully as impressive as his sports achievements. He sparked the basketball team with his clutch play and rebounding. A hard worker if not a great scholar, he kept his grades at a B-minus average, switching from pre-dentistry to physical education as a junior. He was the first Negro to be pledged to the predominantly Jewish fraternity of Pi Lambda Phi. A devoutly religious member of the Swedish Mission Covenant church, he spoke constantly before church groups, was a leader of "Youth for Christ," a nondenominational national campus movement.

In his senior year, Johnson was elected student body president. On the job, Johnson worked so late that he kept waking up at his study desk at daybreak. In June 1959, shortly before graduation, Johnson climbed into the rear seat of a car driven by his brother Jim, dangled his long legs over the back of the front seat and dozed off. He was completely relaxed when a car coming from the opposite direction swerved across the road and hit the Johnson car head on. The impact jackknifed Johnson. Only his fit condition and strong body saved his back from a serious injury that would have ended all decathlon competition then and there. As it was, he suffered a severe muscular strain around the lower spine that knocked him out of another duel with Kuznetsov at the U.S.-U.S.S.R. track meet in Philadelphia in July.

Not until February of this year was Rafer Johnson able to try any real exercise. Then he spent two dreary months jogging or walking around the U.C.L.A. practice field, for up to six hours at a stretch. In April, under the anxious eye of U.C.L.A. Track Coach Ducky Drake, he tried sprint starts. But Johnson and his coach were most afraid of back-wrenching jumps. At last, in late spring, Johnson took a deep breath and started down the pole-vault runway. He cleared the bar—and plummeted into the sawdust without a twinge. Johnson was back on the track.

Johnson launched his comeback at July's National A.A.U. Championships, which also served as the Olympic trials. Though an injury as simple as a pulled muscle might have kept Johnson off the Olympic team altogether, he went all out for a special reason. Kuznetsov had captured his world record and pushed the score to 8,357 points. In the ninth event, Johnson raced smoothly across the grass and sent a silver javelin shimmering into the air. When it landed 233 ft. 3 in. away, Johnson knew he had already passed Kuznetsov's world record. In pure delight, he began sprinting after his toss. Then he suddenly stopped and knelt to pray in the middle of the field, his face wet with tears. In the final event, the 1,500 meters, Johnson increased his world record to a final total of 8,683 points.

Even that score was far from safe that July day on the University of Oregon's track field. Close behind Johnson was his old rival Yang. Though a Formosan, Yang was eligible for the A.A.U. meet, which accepts qualified foreigners. At this point, should he make a fast time in his heat of the 1,500 meters, Yang still had an outside chance of breaking Johnson's newly set world record. When Yang began to falter, Johnson's behavior was characteristic. From the sidelines he cried encouragement: "Keep going! Keep going! It's almost over!" Lifted by Johnson's cheers, Yang finished with the fine score of 8,426 points to pass Kuznetsov—but still short of Johnson's record. That night Johnson sent a telegram home: "I did it with God's help—a new world record."

A Challenge. For the past six years Johnson's life has been dominated by the decathlon. In recent months he lived for

*"Now is the time calmness can
build immeasurable strength!"*

KARDI, OTTAWA

*A message to Americans
anxious about their families
by WALTER L. JACOBS,
President,
The Hertz Corporation*

IN THESE DAYS when we are often beset with tensions of many kinds, it seems to me we should concentrate more than ever on the things which help build up our strength as individuals.

"One of the most fundamental of these, to my way of thinking, is life insurance. Here is a form of individual planning by which a man can, insofar as it is humanly possible, exercise control over his own future and that of those he loves.

"Actually, the *whole purpose* of life insurance is to replace insecurity with security.

"You use insurance funds for your family's continuous protection, for your children's education, for investment opportunities, inheritance taxes, loan collateral . . . or for your retirement.

"Of course, when you invest in life insurance you also invest in our country, for your money is put to work nourishing the very roots of our economy.

"So I suggest you give your future no frenzied look. See how, through life insurance, you can give it the strength that calmness builds."

**A NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL
POLICYOWNER.** Mr. Jacobs owns seven
Northwestern Mutual policies. He bought his first
one when he was 22 years old.



The NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL Life Insurance Company

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

"BECAUSE THERE IS A DIFFERENCE"



There is a difference!

Northwestern Mutual dividends in 1960: \$90 million!

DURING THE COURSE of this year, policyowners of Northwestern Mutual will share \$90 million in dividends.

This is \$7.5 million more than in 1959. In fact, Northwestern Mutual increased its dividend rate eight times in the past eight years—a record never before equaled by another major life insurance firm. Over these same years, dividends on one of our \$10,000 Ordinary Life Policies (issued to a man 35 years of age) increased 27%.

There are good reasons for this.

High investment return! An investment portfolio of selected securities and mortgages is under the constant supervision of highly qualified professionals.

Favorable mortality! This rate has always been low with Northwestern, but never lower than in recent years.

Low operating cost! Home office operations have always been simple. Now, with the added help of electronic equipment, NML employees give even more efficient service to policyowners.

All things considered, it is not surprising that Northwestern Mutual is known as "the dividend-paying company of America!"

Your Northwestern Mutual agent is listed in the phone book. Just call him for more information. *The Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.*



little else. Now a U.C.L.A. graduate student in physical education, Rafer Johnson shares an \$83-a-month apartment with his brother Jim, a U.C.L.A. football player and a hurdler of near-Olympic caliber. Johnson has had no time for dates or vacations, and little relaxation beyond strumming a guitar. Every afternoon he got into his 1949 Chevrolet, a vehicle plainly showing its 150,000-mile past, and drove out to the U.C.L.A. field to practice.

There, day after day, Johnson and Yang held their own private meet. Formosa's formidable Yang had been a promising baseball pitcher at home in 1954 when track coaches noticed his running speed and agility, talked him into trying the decathlon. To his astonishment, Yang won the Asian Games that year. In 1958 Yang came to the U.S. for a couple of months to pick up pointers, liked it so well that he learned to speak English and settled down as a physical education student at U.C.L.A. to work with Johnson. At 6 ft. 1 in., 180 lbs., Yang does not have the raw strength of Johnson, but surpasses him in the jumping events. The two are a taciturn pair; the only sounds of their pre-Rome workouts were the explosive "poofs" as they exhaled at the start of a sprint, or anguished grunts from the weight rings. Each day they methodically pushed themselves to the grey edge of exhaustion. Says Coach Drake: "When an athlete goes in for the decathlon seriously, it's not just a matter of physical conditioning and training—it's a whole way of life."

In that sense, the decathlon poses an impossible challenge. No one can ever hope to be the absolute best in all ten events. The lean sprinter will have trouble with the shot; the beefy weight man will lumber through the 100 meters. Worse yet, the events are cunningly alternated so that the competitor has no chance to use the same muscles and reflexes twice in succession. The cumulative effect is numbing. Because of his rare combination of speed and strength, Johnson is at his best in the 100 meters, 400 meters, the javelin, discus and shotput. But his weight is a handicap in the pole vault and high jump and, like every big man, he detests the 1,500-meter event that closes the two days of struggle. "The whole decathlon is ridiculous," says Johnson, "but the 1,500 meters is insanity." Why does he compete? Johnson gives the perfectionist's answer: "Because every time I walk out there, I think maybe I'll do a little better than the time before."

Johnson Fan. That same answer might well have come from Russia's Kuznetsov. At 6 ft. 1 in., 187 lbs., Kuznetsov, by profession a high school science teacher, has neither the size nor the natural talent of Johnson. To make the most of what he has, Kuznetsov has worked laboriously on his technique in each decathlon event since 1953, now exceeds Johnson in the pole vault and 1,500 meters, compares well with him in the broad jump, high jump and discus. Kuznetsov is proudly grooming his five-year-old son with the



JOHNSON & YANG
Associated Press

The objective amounts to obsession.

same thoroughness: "When we wake up in the morning, Vitya jumps on my bed and I hold him up balanced with one foot on my palm. He's got a long way to go to become an athlete, but now is the time to start training for the future."

Kuznetsov is a Johnson fan. "He is a very fine, tactful and modest young man. I expect he will surpass his previous showing. I am sure that when we meet again in Rome we shall be good friends."

Just Poof. Kuznetsov, Johnson, Yang and a husky long shot from Oregon named Dave Edstrom (best score: 8,176) will likely turn the decathlon competition in Rome into the tensest in history. "It's only going to take one bad event to bump a guy right out of a gold medal," says Coach Drake. "A bad start in the sprints, a puff of wind at the wrong time in the high jump or pole vault, a foul in the shotput or discus, a broken stride in the hurdles, and poof, it could be all over for one of these boys."

Under such pressure, Johnson's greatest asset will be his bedrock of self-reliance, a quality that keeps him from having few really intimate friends, but allows him to work himself up to a cold competitive pitch ten times during the wearying grind of the decathlon. In Rome, Johnson will have an added incentive: he is quitting the decathlon after the Olympics. "I've had it," says Johnson. "It's time I started concentrating on a few other things."

Rafer Johnson would like eventually to travel abroad as a good-will representative for the U.S. State Department. "I know that sort of thing can do a lot to ease tensions," says Johnson. "I like people. I want to do all I can to help them in whatever little way I can." But first there is the matter at hand: a gold medal in Rome. Says Decathlon Star Rafer Johnson: "I am prepared to win—whatever that takes."

BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Cautious

The sextants of economists are the business indicators, statistical pointers that help to chart the course of the U.S. economy. They range from measures as complex as interest rates and demand-deposit turnovers to such personally felt statistics as the amount of personal income. When the U.S. economy surges forward or turns sharply back, the indicators usually agree—and so do the economists. Now, with the economy resting on the highest plateau in history, business experts are nervously indicator hopping in search of some clue to its next shift. To some, it is headed for another recession or is already in it; to others, business has rested and is about to move forward again.

Wheels & Want Ads. Last week the economic indicators gave little guidance about the economy's future course. Industrial production in July held steady at 109—for the fourth month this year. Auto sales are headed for the best August since 1955, but the steel industry is chugging along at less than 55% of capacity and steelmen now foresee less of a September upturn than they had expected. Weekly freight-car loadings, a favorite of the indicator readers, offered few clues; they edged up 0.9% after a two-week decline. July retail sales dropped 1% from June, but personal income in July hit a record annual rate of \$407 billion. Housing starts fell almost 10% in July from June levels—and were 26% below July a year ago.

For those who despaired of getting a bearing from the classical indicators, there was a handful of more modest straws to seize. Wheels, Inc., a Chicago auto-leasing firm, suggested last week that a good

measuring rod of the economy is the distance a traveling salesman has to drive to make a sale—the farther the worse. Reported Wheels: salesmen drove 10% farther for each sale in the first half of 1960. Los Angeles' Security First National Bank, which carefully tots the number of help-wanted ads in local newspapers as a telling business index, reported that July ads were down 26% from July 1959, indicating weakening business conditions.

Election Year Caution. What the interplay of indicators—classical or makeshift—can never capture is the mood of the U.S. economy, which motivates most business decisions. Last week that mood was outspokenly cautious. The U.S. economy is temporarily without its most historic feature: momentum. This made the task of the indicator readers difficult and frustrating, but some put it all down to the fact that summer is typically the slack season for business expansion, and that U.S. businessmen are traditionally hesitant about making business decisions in an election year. As a so-so third quarter draws toward a close, most businessmen and economists still look for the economy to turn up in the fall.

AUTOS

Reason & Realism?

As American Motors unveiled its first compact convertible at its 1961 auto preview last week, President George Romney announced another innovation that rattled the U.S. auto industry. In a direct challenge to one of Detroit's most hallowed traditions, American Motors will make no more annual model changes in its hot-selling (26% of Rambler sales) Rambler American, which has been restyled for

1961. Romney also promised no "abrupt or whimsical" changes in other models.

"Forced obsolescence has worked the greatest depreciation of the car owner's investment," said Romney. "And it has become one of the most expensive factors in manufacturing cost and product quality. In the superficial change process, it is difficult to escape a sense of appalling waste. Refreshing change is one thing, but incessant change has a touch of idiocy."

Romney hit at the "common contention that change, beneficial or not," increases sales volume by forcing buyers into the market more often. That may have been true in the industry's earlier days, he said, but today things are different. Because more Americans can now afford new cars, total car volume is less dependent on the waning used-car market. New cars now last longer, require less maintenance cost; with more two- and three-car families, the depreciation costs run so high that owners keep their cars longer. Result: auto volume is "geared more closely to scrapage rates, population increases and the growth of the economy as a whole."

The prophet of the compact car, Romney also predicted that in the 1961 model year, compacts will account for half of all new car sales—and that Rambler's 1961 sales will jump more than 26%. "The era of the dinosaur" in the auto business is drawing to a close," he said, and so is "unbelievable waste and ostentation in the most important and most conspicuous product of our economy." To Crusader Romney, the shift meant not only a turn to function instead of frills, but a sign that the national psychology is leaning toward "reason and realism."

The sort of model changes that Romney approves of were announced last week by Volkswagen, partly in answer to the success of the U.S. compacts. The 1961 Volkswagen has 27 changes, mostly mechanical, but few of them are obvious to the eye. Engine power has been boosted to 40 h.p. from 36 h.p., and the Volks has a new carburetor, a new automatic choke and a bigger luggage area. Unlike Detroit, Volkswagen makes its mechanical changes throughout the year, has yet to make a major model-styling change on what is essentially a 1938 design.

SELLING

The Expense-Account Society

The whole rationale of the expense-account society—aside from the benefits reaped by free-spenders of the company's money—is that the uninhibited use of high-priced food, liquor and gifts helps mightily in making a sale. Not so, says Clarence B. Randall, retired board chair-

© Romney enjoys cluttering his desk with model dinosaurs to illustrate his point that big cars are outmoded (see cut).



AMERICAN MOTORS' ROMNEY
"Incessant change has a touch of idiocy."

Gray Villet—LIFE



FIRST RUSSIAN OIL SHIPMENT ARRIVING IN INDIA
A plot in every barrel.

Asian Photos

man of Inland Steel, in a caustic attack on "The Myth of the Magic Expense Account" in the current *Dun's Review*. After 30 years in the executive suites of the nation's eighth largest steelmaker, Randall, 69, believes that "this orgiastic abuse of the expense account is a spectacular and alarming trend, participated in by enough companies and individuals to put all of us upon caution for the good reputation of businessmen as a class."

There is even good reason to doubt, says Randall, that lavish display and heavy-handed entertaining really pay off in sales. Purchasing agents for most U.S. firms are among the biggest targets of expense-account big spenders; yet Randall finds that most are notably serious and responsible executives who are not only likely to be unimpressed by the playboy approach but are often offended by it. The salesman forgets that "in the long run, the product must sell itself," and that it is bad tactics to yield to "the temptation of selling himself instead of his merchandise." Moreover, says Randall, expense-account luses "are notoriously poor judges of people," who often take a man to a nightclub when he would rather be home with his family, to the race tracks when he would rather be puttering with his roses.

Because expense accounts are legal business deductions, it is the taxpayer who splits the check. "Lights would go dim along the Strip in Las Vegas," says Randall, "and chorus girls would be unem-

ploied from New York to Los Angeles if it were not for that great modern invention, the tax deduction." Public indignation over expense-account abuses is rising, he says, and "may be the next spectacular issue for the politicians"—unless U.S. business sees the credit-card myth for what it really is and starts to put its own house in order.

OIL

Flow from the East

Into Bombay Harbor last week steamed the Soviet tanker *Uzhgorod*, loaded with 11,000 tons of high-speed diesel fuel—and with bad news for the West. The *Uzhgorod* carried the first installment in a 3½-year deal under which India will buy 1,500,000 tons of Russian petroleum products, pay for them in rupees instead of the valuable foreign exchange demanded by Western oil companies. The tanker's arrival marked a milestone in Russia's mounting offensive to drive Western oil companies out of their traditional overseas markets, came just as the battle forced Western firms to cut their prices to meet Russian competition. Items:

❑ Four major Middle East oil producers—British Petroleum, Shell, Mobil, and the Compagnie Française des Pétroles—cut their posted crude-oil prices, following the lead of Esso Export Corp.

❑ Under pressure from price cuts in India (*TIME*, Aug. 22), British and U.S. companies reduced bulk prices on petroleum

products in Pakistan by an average 7%. ❑ Ceylon's Prime Minister Mrs. Sirimavo Bandaranaike, not to be left out, summoned three Western oil companies in Colombo to a meeting at which the government will ask for further price reductions on gasoline, on top of a recent gas price cut.

With the oil industry in the midst of a major world oil glut, the new Mideast posted price cuts will probably not be the last. Actually, they are only about half the 30¢-per-bbl. discount that Western oil companies have been offering some customers. Since oil royalties to Arab nations are paid on the posted price, companies that discount have been paying the usual royalties but receiving less for the oil they sell.

If the posted cuts temporarily satisfy Asian buyers, they have set off a violent reaction in the Middle East, where Arab government revenues flow from oil royalties. Although Mideast production is up 13% this year, the Arab nations expect heavy revenue losses from the cuts; Iraq says it will lose about \$20 million, and Kuwait, Saudi Arabia and Iran, being bigger producers, will lose even more. Cried Sheikh Abdullah Tariki, Saudi Arabian director of petroleum and mineral affairs: "It is a plot by the oil companies, not even remotely justified by the Russian challenge." When the Arab Petroleum Congress meets in Beirut in October, it is expected to press for a bigger share of the profits, move ahead with its own program

TIME CLOCK

CORVAIR COMPACT BUS will be introduced by Chevrolet this fall to compete with Volkswagen's junior-sized bus, selling at the rate of 36,000 annually in U.S. this year. To be called the Greenbrier, the six-cylinder Chevrolet bus will closely resemble the Volkswagen in appearance, sell for about \$2,400.

SWISS BANKS, flooded with flight capital from Cuba and Belgian Congo worth \$200 million in July, have put out "Not Welcome" mats to new deposits. New depositors will have to pay ¼% interest plus banking charges instead of earning ¼% interest on de-

posits. Withdrawals will require three months notice.

PILL PRICE CUT of 15% for antibiotics has followed criticism of high drug prices by Senate Antitrust Committee. Pfizer, Upjohn, Lederle and Squibb cut prices of tetracyclines—biggest antibiotic family—to retailers buying direct.

REGULAR GAS is continuing popularity rise among U.S. drivers. Some 58% of sample group of motorists now use regular grade, says Du Pont's petroleum chemicals division, v. 50% in 1956, 48.5% in 1952. One big reason

for the jump this year: low-octane-consuming compacts.

TURNDOWN OF CASTRO by Piper Aircraft will deprive Cuba of 25 Piper Pawnee crop-dusting planes it sought to buy for \$10,000 each. Reason: the planes would be used on plantations seized illegally from U.S. and Cuban owners.

AIR COACH TRAVEL topped domestic first class traffic in July for first time in airline history. U.S. airlines flew nearly 1.5 billion coach-revenue passenger miles v. 1.2 billion in first class.

THE PROFIT SQUEEZE

How to Relieve the Pinch

FEW things disturb U.S. business management more than an economic malady known as the profit squeeze, which is its way of describing lower profits on every dollar of sales—even when sales are rising. Last week managers and owners across the U.S. were voicing their concern over profit squeeze—and trying to bring it under control in ways both obvious and oblique. Second quarter 1960 profits for 721 companies surveyed by the First National City Bank of New York were 12% below the alltime-record second quarter of 1959 and down 4% in the first half as compared with 1959.

The reason for the squeeze, complain businessmen, is that the cost of labor, materials and services has risen, while increased competition at home and abroad prevents rises in prices. Says Mark V. Keeler, vice president of International Harvester Co.: "We just can't increase prices as fast as costs." Adding to the burden is a buildup of inventories early this year that have not been absorbed as quickly as expected. The squeeze has put its greatest pressure on such volatile industries as steel (profits 29% below 1959's first half), aluminum, railroads, farm equipment and autos, but it has affected nearly all industries.

Fighting the profit squeeze, companies usually begin with traditional weapons. The most obvious—if not always the wisest—is to lay off workers; the long-range version of the same device is the major cost-cutting transition to automation in U.S. industry. Last week the Union Pacific Railroad laid off some 1,200 employees in a move to reduce costs, and Dallas' Lone Star Steel Co. announced that it will lay off between 1,500 and 2,000 employees starting this week.

Though some firms also try to cut down on executive expenses and to weed out excess or unproductive management, the executive's usual penalty in times of falling profit margins is a pay cut. Douglas Aircraft Co. recently reduced salaries for all employees making more than \$12,000 a year by 5% to 25%. After Merritt-Chapman & Scott omitted the quarterly dividend, Chairman and Chief Stockholder Louis E. Wolfson—who can well afford a pay cut—gambly announced last week that he will not accept any of his \$100,000-a-year salary until profits pick up and the dividend is resumed.

The profit squeeze has led many firms to diversify in search of new sources of profits. Some retail jewelers are widening their lines to include typewriters, radios, stereo phonographs and small appliances. Shrinking profits have hit such giant food chains as A. & P.,

National Tea and Kroger, though some others have relieved the pinch by selling more and more items besides food. The Jewel Tea Co. chain (277 stores) has hiked its profits since it added high-profit-margin nonfood items—including brassières.

To many a businessman, the best and most sensible way to live with the profit squeeze is to concentrate on increasing sales volume. Such heavy appliance makers as General Electric and Frigidaire, stuck with big inventories, have cut prices 5% to 12%. To increase sales while cutting costs, S. S. Kresge Co. (749 variety stores) has switched to supermarket check-out counters in 431 of its stores. Explains Kresge President Harry B. Cunningham: "We have accepted the idea of smaller profit margins even though we don't like it. The only answer is greater volume."

Many companies try to cut costs in small but effective ways that are overlooked in times of plenty. NBC Chairman Robert Sarnoff now has two secretaries instead of three. American Airlines, which had more than a 50% decline in first-half profits, has decided to re-use plastic dishes from its food trays instead of discarding them. Minute Maid Corp. extends the length of all long-distance phone calls, gives a "Joe Blow" award to the longest-winded employee. Savings per year: \$50,000.

Just how tight the profit squeeze will get before it eases is a matter of lively debate. Government economists expect an upturn in profits in the fourth quarter. But Ford Motor Co. Economist Dr. T. J. Obal, who believes the current profit squeeze fits the pattern of an economy in the second year of recovery from recession, thinks that "there will be further slippage." Chase Manhattan Bank Chief Economist William Butler says that the profit squeeze "is very serious as a long-term matter," argues that it will cause a decline in capital expenditures in 1961.

However long the profit squeeze lasts, it is not a new phenomenon to U.S. businessmen, who faced it in the 1957-58 recession and learned to live with it. Although a profit squeeze is a symptom of such major problems as foreign competition, automation and changing patterns of living, it can also be a sign that a company—or an industry—is growing sluggish and sloppy. Many of the moves that companies make to combat profit squeezes are moves that should have been made before to keep them trim and healthy. Thus a period of profit squeeze—like the measles—is not just an annoyance but a chance to build up a measure of immunity for the future.

to expand pipelines, build refineries, operate a tanker fleet.

Such countries as India and Pakistan, anxious to build their own oil industries to save themselves valuable dollar exchange, are not above using the Russians to pry new concessions from Western firms. Pakistan has given tentative approval to Soviet technicians to develop its mineral resources, particularly oil, and the Russians are expected to offer the Pakistanis the same deal for petroleum products that they offered India, make a bid to build an oil refinery.

Also harming Western oil companies in India and Pakistan is a widespread belief in both countries that the oil companies do not really want to find oil because success would cut off shipments from their other fields. The companies vigorously deny the charge, but they recently got a bad break. After Stanvac had drilled for oil for three years around Calcutta without success, the Indians allowed the Russians to drill on the west coast 900 miles away. The Russians struck oil. If they should find oil in commercial quantities in India and Pakistan, they would have a strong propaganda wedge against Western companies.

MANAGEMENT

Man in a Glass House

"As head of one of the world's largest insurance companies, I live in a glass house." So last week said a shaken Carrol Shanks, president of the Prudential Insurance Co. What shook Shanks was that his glass wall had been suddenly and rudely pierced by some mighty embarrassing gazes. With the business world still buzzing over Chrysler Corp.'s conflict-of-interest troubles (TIME, Aug. 22), Shanks was shown, in a *Wall Street Journal* article, to have been the buyer of valuable timberland for Georgia-Pacific Corp., a Prudential borrower and the biggest U.S. plywood producer, in a complex deal that could save him as much as \$400,000 in income taxes. At week's end, the New Jersey Banking and Insurance Department, watchdog of the Pru's home state, was looking into the transaction to see if there had been any violations.

The *Journal* sprang its surprise after Reporter Ed Cony visited the Georgia-Pacific Corp. to do a story on the integrated lumber industry. Back in June, the New York Times had reported the deal between Georgia-Pacific and Shanks in a story that gave no figures, caused little comment. But that was before the Chrysler furor. When Reporter Cony pieced together the deal's details, the *Journal* put the story on Page One.

Plastered on \$250,000. As top man at Prudential for 14 years, strait-laced Carrol Shanks, 61, has long had official dealings with Georgia-Pacific. The Pru has lent Georgia-Pacific more than \$50 million, now finances about a quarter of the company's long-term debt. In turn the Prudential, which owns 90,900 shares of Georgia-Pacific common stock, has profited richly from the company's rapid rise

(sales up 281%, profits 1,177% since 1953). In 1956 Shanks became a Georgia-Pacific director.

Shanks's unofficial dealings with Georgia-Pacific began one day last year when he and G.P. Chairman Owen Cheatham, 57—also a Prudential director—were chatting about tax savings. "I was looking for a deal where I could make a good capital gain," says Shanks, "because I take such a plastering from taxes on my \$250,000 salary." Cheatham thought he might have just the thing: buying timber holdings and then selling the timber to Georgia-Pacific. Shanks's lawyers assured him that there would be no conflict of interest. In May, Shanks met with officials of Georgia-Pacific and the Timber Conservation Co., at the Bank of America in San Francisco, of which the ubiquitous Cheatham is also a director. They completed the vastly complicated deal in four hours.

One-Day Loan. The Timber Conservation Co. owned 13,000 acres in Oregon that Georgia-Pacific wanted. Carrol Shanks bought Timber Conservation on the spot for \$8,592,000, financed by a one-day loan from the Bank of America. Minutes later, he liquidated the company, sold its 13,000 acres to the Coos Bay Timber Co., a wholly owned subsidiary of Georgia-Pacific for \$4,400,000 (plus a small plot back to the Timber Conservation interests for \$208,000). Next he put up \$100,000 of his own money, borrowed another \$3,900,000 from the Bank of America on a five-year term. With the money from the sales, he paid off the one-day loan and covered the transaction fees. Shanks kept ownership of the timber on the land.

In return, Coos Bay contracted to cut and pay for enough of the Shanks-owned timber during the next five years so that Shanks would be able to pay off and meet the interest on his Bank of America loan, get back his \$100,000—and save as much as \$97,000 a year on taxes through write-

offs on interest payments and through timber depletion allowances and capital gains savings. Chief advantage to Georgia-Pacific: it does not tie up capital in the trees (on which Shanks takes the risk of forest fire, etc.), pays only when it sells them.

Never Again. Unlike Chrysler's Newberg, Shanks later informed the Pru's finance committee, which raised no objections (the Pru does not handle short-term loans itself). Georgia-Pacific's Cheatham calls the Shanks deal "just a way of helping the company." The *Journal* also turned up the fact that Cheatham, in addition to all the other suits he wears, is co-owner of Oregon's Old Dominion Co., an investment firm that owns timber that Georgia-Pacific has contracted to cut under a deal like Shanks's. Carrol Shanks maintains that "there is not the slightest violation of ethics" about his deal. Nonetheless, the furor that greeted the publicity has already taught him that, for people who live in glass houses, discretion should be worth more than tax savings. Says Shanks: "I'll never have private dealings again with a company that does business with Prudential."

RECREATION

Top Dog

The spiritual home of the U.S. hot dog—and the world's largest hot dog stand—is Nathan's Famous on Brooklyn's Coney Island. To Nathan's gaudy green and white stands each summer flock many of the millions of visitors to Coney, gobbling up more than 200,000 hot dogs (at 20¢ each) on a weekend. Summer or winter, Nathan's never closes. Its customers have braved blizzards just to reach a Nathan's hot dog; it is a regular last stop for many early-morning survivors of Manhattan's café society. In all, Nathan's Famous sells more than 8,000,000 hot dogs a year. This week, with business running 10% above last year, it let bids for construction of a new \$350,000 wing that will almost double its counter space.

Approved by "Doctors." Almost everybody who is anybody in New York gets to Nathan's. Nelson Rockefeller showed up there while campaigning for Governor and blurted, in unsolicited testimonial: "No one can hope to be elected in this state without being photographed eating a hot dog at Nathan's Famous." Among others who have put in dutiful appearances are former Governor Averell Harriman, New York City's Mayor Robert Wagner and New York's former Senator Herbert Lehman. The show biz set also flocks to Nathan's, including Frequent Customers Jerry Lewis, Danny Kaye, Eddie Fisher, Shelley Winters, Eva and Zsa Zsa Gabor.

Nathan's boss and founder is tiny, tanned Nathan Handwerker, 68, who came to the U.S. from Poland in 1912 and four years later opened his own hot dog stand on Coney Island with a \$300 stake. When suspicious customers wondered how he sold hot dogs for 5¢ (2¢ the standard 10¢ price), Handwerker used a trick that



NATHAN OF NATHAN'S FAMOUS
The survivors generally stop.

some TV advertisers tried 20 years later. He hired students, had them clean up and dress in white jackets to look like doctors. Then they stood around eating Nathan's hot dogs in full view of passers-by.

Paprika & Snap. Ever since a new subway brought the big crowds to Coney Island in 1920, Nathan's has been a moneymaker; last year it grossed more than \$3,000,000. Under prodding from his two sons, Nathan has reluctantly expanded into a Long Island restaurant and a catering service. He has also diversified his fare, now sells 4,500 lbs. of shrimp and 1,400 lbs. of frogs' legs each summer weekend. Although businessmen often offer to back him in a nationwide chain, Nathan always refuses. "I won't have my name over the door," he says. "unless I can be there myself to keep an eye on the grill."

Nathan arrives at work by 4 a.m. every summer day to taste each batch of raw hot dogs. His formula: garlic, paprika and top-grade steer meat so lean that it will not pop the hot dog open when it is grilled—all encased in sheep membrane to give the dog just the right snap when bitten. When an upstate member of the New York state senate once derided a bill as being "as old and wrinkled as a warmed-over Coney Island hot dog," Nathan's indignantly fired off a batch of hot dogs to the state capital. The offending senator ate one and asked to have his remark stricken from the record.

REAL ESTATE

\$1,000,000 Worth of Air

Space-starved New York City last week sold a lot of air for \$1,065,000. Five firms bid for the rights to 90,000 sq. ft. of air over a two-block area in Upper Manhattan that has been cleared of old apart-



Ellsworth Schell

PRUDENTIAL'S SHANKS
The trees came toppling down.



BUILDER KRATTER
Stilts to the sky.

Tommy Weber

ment buildings for a new expressway approach to George Washington Bridge. The highest bidder: Manhattan Realtor Marvin Kratter, 44, whose Kratter Corp., formed only last year, has become one of New York's most aggressive and ambitious builders. The sale marked the first time New York City has sold air rights over a sunken road for buildings to rise over it.

Directly above a new twelve-lane expressway, Kratter intends to build a \$12 million, 27-story middle-income apartment project renting at \$28 per room, hopes to give it a multishaded shell of pastel porcelain for "a fiesta look." The buildings will stand on 45-ft. stilts placed between the lanes of the expressway, will have their heating and other utility equipment on the top floor. Says Kratter: "We'll probably have the only penthouses in New York occupied by heaters and boilers."

The Costly Earth

The man who faces inflation's cruellest bite is the U.S. homebuilder who starts off in search of land for his dream house. Since 1950 the price of U.S. land for homebuilding has soared anywhere from 100% to 3,760%—while building material prices have climbed a less spectacular 24% and building-trade wages 60%. In parts of Miami, land worth \$500 an acre ten years ago sells for \$7,500. On Long Island, builders pay \$16,000 and up for acreage they could have bought for \$3,500 in 1950. Near Albuquerque, land selling for \$4 an acre in 1950 now costs \$1,000. Result: the family that wants to build in the suburbs now has to pay 19% of a house's total cost for a far-outer piece of land v. 12% on a similar house in 1950 for land much closer to the city.

The land boom threatens to price good housing out of the market despite the fact that "the area actually occupied by all of the cities and villages of the U.S.,

covers only one-half of 1% of the surface of the country." So warns *HOUSE & HOME* in its current issue, devoted to a searching critical diagnosis of the causes and consequences of the decade-old U.S. land boom.

"Overdue for a Fall." It is not lack of land that has sent land prices sprinting ahead of the rest of the U.S. economy. Higher prices are mostly created by real estate speculators who hold on to great tracts of choice land in the hope that future demand will bring even higher profits. The speculators may be in for a shock. Historically, land prices go up and down in bigger and wilder swings than any other prices in the economy. They are "now overdue for a fall," says *HOUSE & HOME*. "Suburban land will sell for much less before it sells for much more." Farm land prices outside the suburbs have already turned downward.

Not all of the blame for today's apparent shortage in the midst of plenty can be placed on speculators, though they have pushed paper values in land up to an astounding half a trillion dollars. Lack of planning by cities and wasteful overzoning by many suburban communities have contributed. Many of the choicest U.S. suburban towns keep out small-home buyers (whose children would cost the town more to educate than their parents would pay in taxes) by requiring two-acre lots, setting stiff building codes that make new houses expensive.

Most big cities have failed to redevelop their biggest land resource: slums. Slums are undertaxed, while good new apartments are overtaxed. A slum landlord has so little incentive to improve his property that often only the Federal Government can afford to build new middle-income housing on slum sites. If slum areas were taxed on the basis of the actual high value of the land in the city's heart rather than on the basis of the ramshackle buildings on it, landlords would be forced to build new higher-rent apartments.

Making Millionaires. In city and suburb alike, says *HOUSE & HOME*, the present tax structure harnesses the profit motive backward: it abets speculation, penalizes development. Underdeveloped land and vacant city lots are taxed, on the average, at less than 25% valuation across the U.S. v. 40.8% for business properties. Land, comprising one-third of the U.S. national wealth, carries less than 5% of the total tax load. Not surprisingly, land speculation has made more millionaires since World War II than any other form of U.S. business or investment.

If the U.S. is to avoid an even bigger land bust than in the '20s, concludes *HOUSE & HOME*, cities and towns must act fast. Most experts agree that "the first point of attack should be to ease the too-heavy tax burden on houses and other improvements, multiply the too-easy tax load on unimproved land, and make the unearned increment in land prices provide much more of the taxes needed to provide the streets, water, sewers and schools without which unimproved land would be neither livable nor salable."

THE PRESS

The Inside Inside Story

Drew Pearson's "Washington Merry-Go-Round" column in the Washington *Post* and *Times-Herald* last week was full of praise for the "amazing luck or amazing insight" of *True* Magazine's Editor Doug Kennedy. Wrote Pearson of Kennedy: "He published the inside story of U-2 Pilot Francis Powers' flight over Russia on the same day Powers went on trial. The story gives the details of how Powers fought to get his plane started, after stalling at 70,000 feet; how he came down to thicker air around 35,000 feet, then was attacked by a swarm of angry Russian jet fighters . . ."

Next day the *Post* published without comment a letter from a sharp-eyed reader, asking "How much do you charge Drew Pearson for advertising?" The reader's point: the *True* article had been written by Drew Pearson and an assistant.

Let History Try

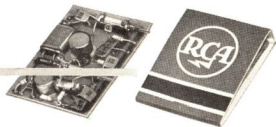
Everyone in the Minneapolis evening *Star* and morning *Tribune* city rooms knew who John Cowles Jr. was: he was the son of President John Cowles Sr., 61, who runs the papers.* But when John Jr. moved into a vice-presidency and the associate editorship of the *Star* and the *Tribune* last summer, no one really knew quite what he was. Last week the *Star* and *Tribune* staff found out: John Cowles Jr., 31, is the heir apparent, and already beginning to take power.

What happened was plenty plain: John

* And with his younger brother, Gardner ("Mike") Cowles, 57, controls a press chain that includes, besides the *Star* and the *Tribune*, the Des Moines *Register* and *Tribune*, the San Fernando *Valley Times*, *Look* magazine, two radio and four television stations.



JOHN COWLES JR.
First of the third.



Radio beacon transmitters no bigger than a matchbook—another RCA contribution to space-age technology.

Tiny RCA space radios help “ECHO” scientists find a pinpoint in the sky

The pinpoint is the 100-foot aluminized plastic balloon now orbiting about a thousand miles above the earth. Its purpose: to establish the feasibility of long-distance communications by bouncing radio waves off an object in space to distant points on the earth's surface.

The balloon carries two RCA radio beacon transmitters, each scarcely larger than a matchbook, yet capable of being heard for two thousand miles or more. They send signals earthward, telling scientists where to find the balloon at night or when clouds obscure the sky. Because the radios are sun-powered, they are expected to broadcast throughout the life of the balloon satellite.

These amazing radio transmitters were designed and built by the Astro-Electronics Division at RCA's Space Center at Princeton, N. J.—birthplace of the satellite and ground-based radio equipment for the “Talking Atlas” satellite, the TIROS “weather-eye” satellite system, and other space-age achievements.

This program—called “Project ECHO”—is sponsored by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration as the first step towards a new system of global communications. Eventually, television programs may be viewed around the world through the use of these orbiting “radio mirrors.”

The same RCA engineering and manufacturing skills that are helping man conquer space assure the dependability of the RCA Victor black-and-white and color television sets, radios and high-fidelity systems you enjoy in your home.



The Most Trusted Name in Electronics

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

TRA-157

Jr. fired out of hand the *Star* and *Tribune's* Executive Editor William P. Steven, 51, longtime right arm of Cowles Sr. It had been obvious for months that John Jr.'s ideas about newspapering differed from Steven's policies of aggressive promotion and firehouse news bounding. Finally told that he must clear his orders through John Jr., Steven balked—and got booted. That left John Cowles Jr. as undisputed operating boss.

Kiwans to Kremlin. John Jr. is the first member of the third generation of Cowleses to sit in an executive suite of the chain that was founded by Gardner Cowles Sr. in 1903, when he bought the foundering Des Moines *Register & Leader*. Today the Cowles papers cover everything from the Kiwanis to the Kremlin, have a Midwestern hegemony over large parts of Iowa, Minnesota, the Dakotas and western Wisconsin.

A graduate of Exeter and Harvard, as were his father and uncle, John Jr. also shares their interest in foreign affairs. Before enlisting in the Army in 1931, he journeyed around the world with former ECA Administrator Paul Hoffman. Out of the Army as a lieutenant, John Jr. worked hard at the job of her apparent. He served hitches on the police-court and city-hall beat, covered the state legislature before making a swing through the business departments. A diligent rather than a brilliant reporter, John Jr. occasionally dismayed the *Tribune's* pavement-pounding old hands. Once, for example, he discovered a corpse on his way to work. Like any public-spirited citizen, but not like most working reporters, he called the police first, then and only then phoned his city desk.

A Little Greyer. A handsome, very serious young man, who lives with his wife and three children on a 60-acre estate near Minneapolis and tools to work in a white Triumph sports car, John Jr. is respected by most *Star* and *Tribune* staffers for character and determination. "Under him, no department-store advertiser is going to push us around," says a staffer. "The ad people are going to stay down on their floor." But John Jr. is not beloved. "We will become a little greyer," says another staffer. "The papers may be more intellectual, but they may be stuffer and less fun, too." As for John Jr., he declines to predict, saying: "I prefer to let history write its future."

\$1-a-Year Man

Gossipist Walter Winchell is read by Mr. and Mrs. North and South America and on all the ships at sea—almost everywhere, in fact, except in Washington, D.C. Winchell was kept out of Washington by a simple maneuver: the Washington *Post*, which was not an ardent member of the Winchell fan club, inherited WW when it took over the *Times-Herald* six years ago, gradually stopping printing his column. "We just had too many Broadway and Hollywood columns," explains Managing Editor Alfred Friendly. "Winchell was a likely place to cut down. We heard no great roar of protest."

Frozen out of Washington, WW fumed. Still under exclusive contract to the *Post* and *Times-Herald* in Washington, he could not tie up with either of Washington's other two dailies. In any case, neither the staid *Evening Star* nor the Scripps-Howard tabloid *News* showed any eagerness to run him.

But as of last week, Walter Winchell was back in Washington. Finally released by the *Post* from his contract, Winchell took the next best opportunity in sight, a little-known tabloid political weekly

called *Roll Call* (circ. 5,000), which is printed for Senators, Congressmen, and Government employees on Capitol Hill. "I told *Roll Call's* editor, Sidney Yudin, I'd be glad to pay him for the chance of getting into print in Washington again," said Winchell last week. But Editor Yudin preferred to pay Winchell \$1 a year for the rights to assemble one weekly column from Winchell's political items. Says Walter Winchell hopefully: "It will reach the people who count around Washington."

MILESTONES

Married. Jimmy Boyd, 20, the freckled Tin Pan Alley flash of 1952, who sold more than 1,200,000 raspy records of *I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus*, has been an occasional TV and film actor since; and Yvonne Craig, 22, a rising cinemactress who recently completed *High Time* with Bing Crosby; in Dallas.

Married. John Roosevelt Boettiger, 21, June graduate of Amherst College and son of F.D.R.'s only daughter, Anna Roosevelt Boettiger Halsted; and Deborah Ann Bentley, 22, a June graduate of Mount Holyoke College, who will teach school while her husband studies at Columbia University; in De Witt, N.Y.

Divorced. By Sally Rand, 58, and still waving her fans after 28 years: Fred J. Lalla, 41, a Las Vegas real estate dealer and her third husband; after six years of marriage, in Las Vegas.

Died. Major General (ret.) Charles Wolcott ("Doc") Ryder, 68, much-decorated Army hero of both world wars, who in 1942 commanded the Allied invasion force that hit eastern Algeria and proceeded to mop up the entire country within 76 hours (while he and Envoy Robert Murphy negotiated the end of French resistance with Vichy's Admiral Jean Darlan in Algiers); of a heart attack; in Vineyard Haven, Mass.

Died. Daniel G. Arnstein, 70, longtime president of the giant Manhattan transportation firm, Terminal System Inc., who in 1941 won acclaim as the \$1-a-year man who unspooled China's lifeline, the Burma Road; following a stroke; in Manhattan. Finding the Burma Road a twisting 726 miles of confusion, corruption and peril, Arnstein banged heads together, introduced a truck maintenance system ("The Chinese had never heard of grease") and centralized control, within a few months quadrupled the flow of lend-lease traffic.

Died. Arthur W. Hermann, 72, a foreman from 1918 to 1922 of the U.S. Radium Corp., against which he filed a \$1,000,000 damage suit three months ago, charging that he had suffered radium poisoning while at work; of cancer; in East Orange, N.J. Forty-three women employees of the company during the same era subse-

quently died of radium poisoning, probably from swallowing the radioactive substance while moistening the brushes they used in painting numerals on watch dials.

Died. Charles Homer Buford, 74, a railroadman for 43 years and president of the Milwaukee Road from 1947 to 1950, who for nine days in 1946 became czar of all 337 U.S. rail carriers on order of President Truman, who attempted to prevent a strike by seizing the lines; of a heart attack; in Chicago.

Died. John Francis Neylan, 74, colorful San Francisco attorney, a onetime chief counsel of the Hearst empire and a regent of the University of California from 1928 to 1955, who in 1949 began a clamorous, ultimately unsuccessful battle to impose an anti-Communist loyalty oath on the university faculty; of a pulmonary condition; in San Francisco.

Died. Usher L. Burdick, 81, massive (a 6-ft., 1-in., 260-lb. onetime University of Minnesota football lineman), maverick Republican Congressman from North Dakota for 20 years; after a long illness; in Washington. In 1958 Burdick, then retiring from the House, stumped North Dakota for the first Democratic Congressman in the state's history: his son, Quentin (who last June won a U.S. Senate seat). A salty rebel whose causes included isolationism and the farmer ("When Benson went to Europe [in 1957], we made a mistake by buying him a return ticket"), the elder Burdick was also a lawyer, cattleman, rare-book collector, and an authority on Western lore.

Died. Frederick Clifford Clarke, 87, oldest living member of baseball's Hall of Fame, a fiery, hard-hitting (career average: .315, including .406 in 1897), National League outfielder and manager from 1897 to 1915, who piloted Pittsburgh to four pennants and a 1909 world championship; of pneumonia; in Winfield, Kans.

Died. Amelia Day Campbell Parker, 89, widow since 1926 of Alton Brooks Parker, onetime chief justice of the New York State Court of Appeals and the losing 1904 Democratic presidential candidate against Theodore Roosevelt; following a stroke; in Manhattan.



They've engineered Interstate 85
to last 50 years and more!



CONCRETE

is the one pavement
that can be accurately designed to fit future traffic loads!

Interstate System highways like North Carolina's route 85 pictured here owe much of their extra long life expectancy to concrete's dependable load-bearing strength—computed mathematically.

The strength of concrete pavement is in the concrete itself—not in built-up, graded, layer construction. Compressive and flexural strengths can be measured exactly—right down to the last pound per square inch. So designs are based on *facts*—not intuition!

And because concrete acts as a beam, even one extra inch of thickness adds as much as 25% to load capacity. This same structural quality makes it possible to analyze

stresses for *all* loads the pavement will carry. This makes it possible to provide pavement thick enough to carry normal traffic in *unlimited* numbers as well as the expected *less* frequent heavier loads.

That's where real economy comes through—only concrete lets engineers design highways to last 50 years and more, with upkeep costs as much as 60% lower than for asphalt. Yet concrete's first cost is moderate. There is no need to over-build. The accuracy of today's concrete design methods provides minimum-thickness pavements for the heaviest expected traffic.

Look for concrete on many more miles of the new Interstate System and other heavy-duty highways.



Research year after year, in laboratories and on actual pavements as shown above, has given engineers comprehensive data on the nature and behavior of concrete under all conditions. That's why concrete pavements are designed with slide-rule accuracy—and not by empirical methods.

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

A national organization to improve and extend the uses of concrete

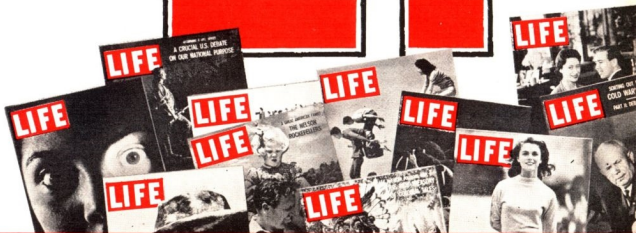


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. . . go behind the scenes of Broadway and Hollywood . . . sit up front at major sports events.

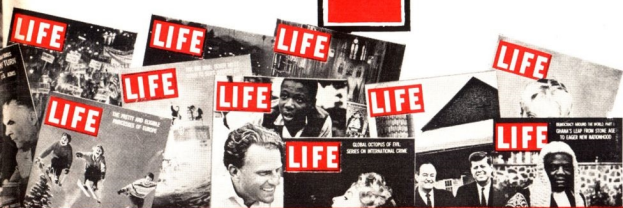
You and your family will explore the wonders of nature . . . visit the world's great art museums . . . gain a new insight into American history. You'll get new and useful ideas for your home, garden, wardrobe, table . . . new ideas for vacation and travel.

Act today! This offer is good for a limited time only, so detach, fill in and mail the card at once.

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It's part of the LIFE tradition to plan ahead. It's also part of the LIFE tradition to move swiftly, to alter plans if need be, when the unexpected happens. Here are some of the exciting features already being planned for you and your family in the months ahead:

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To all present LIFE subscribers: Use this card to renew your subscription for 25 months from the date it now expires at a special 25th Anniversary rate: \$9.95. About 9¢ a copy!

BOOKS

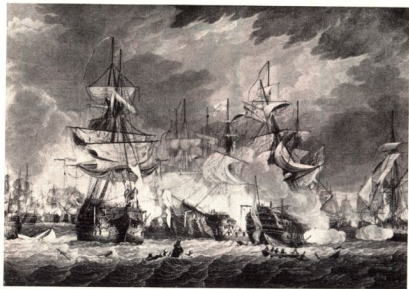
"England Expects..."

DECISION AT TRAFALGAR (381 pp.)—*Dudley Pope—Lippincott* [\$5.95].

It was a great victory, perhaps the greatest in Britain's history, and it had been bought at great price, the life of Britain's greatest hero. But only the naval garrison and a few Britons beleaguered in the shadow of Gibraltar's rock knew what had happened off Cape Trafalgar that October day in 1805. A howling westerly gale bedeviled Cuthbert Collingwood, Vice Admiral of the Blue, who had

by Oliver Warner; *Trafalgar*, by René Maine), Dudley Pope, 34. British yachtsman, newsman, and merchant mariner, has written the best. In it he tries, and for the most part successfully, to reconstruct the historic engagement as it was seen by both officers and men, not only of the British Navy but of the Combined Fleets of France and Spain.

The maritime might of France had been destroyed in the egalitarian fury of the Revolution, when brilliant naval officers, no matter how patriotic, were guillotined merely because they were of noble birth. And egalitarianism (as any latter-



THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR
The victor was rotten to its keelson.

succeeded to command of the victorious British fleet, and his ships were fighting for their lives, trying to claw off a lee shore. Five days whistled through the rigging before Collingwood could dispatch the tidings on which the world hung.

The tiny topsail schooner *Pickle* leaked and bucked her way past Spanish Finistère, through Biscay's Bay, past French Finistère, and English Land's End, to Falmouth. The "telegraph" (semaphore) to London was unfinished. So *Pickle's* skipper, Lieut. John Richards Lapenotière, jounced for 37 hours in a post chaise to Whitehall. It was 16 days after the fleet's guns fell silent that Lapenotière rode through Admiralty Arch, strode into the secretary's office and announced baldly: "Sir, we have gained a great victory, but we have lost Lord Nelson."^{*}

Fray & Frazzle. Of recent books from both sides of the Channel about the greatest battle of the age of sail (*Trafalgar*,

day weekend yachtsman knows) does not work afloat. Worse yet, Napoleon had no understanding of sea power—let alone naval strategy and tactics. He frayed the already frazzled nerves of his naval commander in chief, the vacillating Villeneuve, with whimsically changing orders. For two years his captains were reduced to an exasperating game of maritime hide-and-seek until Horatio Viscount Nelson, Vice Admiral of the White, hero of Copenhagen and the Nile, caught Villeneuve outside Cadiz and began the Battle of Trafalgar.

But if the French and Spanish navies were rotten to their garboard strakes, Pope makes clear that the British was rotten to its keelson. Its ships were badly designed and badly built. Crews were made up largely of pressed men, recruited by a system of legalized kidnapping. They were fed swill unfit for swine, and discipline was inhumanly savage by today's standards. But long years of keeping the sea, often for 18 months without making port, made them magnificent seamen. Something else, which Pope finds hard to define, made them patriots. And Admiral

Nelson, scrawny, one-eyed, one-armed, vainglorious little man of 47, who also happened to be the most inspiring naval commander of his era, made them fight like killer whales.

Coffin in the Cabin. Pope knows his sea lore well, and though a few pages may make heavy weather for a landlubber, he has captured the salty flavor of the times as effectively as his hero's ships made prizes of their foes. Nelson the hypochondriac, querulously insecure and suffering so strong a death fixation that he sailed for years with his coffin in his cabin (it was not there when needed at Trafalgar) becomes agreeably human. Of his last minutes at home with his mistress Lady Hamilton and their "adopted" daughter, Pope writes: "Upstairs Nelson went quietly to the bedside of his daughter, conceived aboard the *Foudroyant* in the warm Mediterranean more than five years earlier. The little man knelt. Resting his head in his hand, he said a quiet prayer, and tiptoed out of the room and out of Horatia's life forever."

Five weeks later, dying amid the thunder of the guns, the reek of black powder and the 'tween-deck stench of a 40-year-old wooden ship of the line, prophetically named *Victory*, Nelson bequeathed his beloved Emma and Horatia "as a legacy to my Country." But his country betrayed him. Lord Nelson's womenfolk lived out their lives in degrading poverty. The admiral's final and most famous signal as his fleet was entering battle, "England expects that every man will do his duty," did not work in reverse.

Prince of Hucksters

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD (368 pp.)—*John Gunther—Harper* [\$5].

One day, when the officials of the American Tobacco Co. panicked in the midst of a minor crisis, the president of the Lord & Thomas Advertising Agency rose from his hospital bed in Baltimore and journeyed to New York to attend an emergency meeting. After he straightened things out, Albert Davis Lasker turned to the other conferees and announced: "Gentlemen, I have done all I can for you. Good day, because I must return to Johns Hopkins now and continue my nervous breakdown."

Pottermaker. For lesser men, the hectic pace of Albert Lasker's life would have led to worse things than an interruptible nervous breakdown. In his 44 years with Lord & Thomas (most of them as sole owner), Lasker dominated U.S. advertising and cut the pattern for its grey flannel suit. Under his influence the public was introduced to iridium and Amos 'n' Andy, to Kleenex, four-door sedans and soap operas. Yet Lasker was all but invisible: almost nothing was written about him, and two blocks off Madison Avenue his name is still virtually unknown. In this fine and affectionate biography John Gunther has gone far to display Lasker for the first time.

As a boy in Galveston, Texas, Lasker was off and running before he was in his

* Legend has it that ten years later, after a comparable British victory at Waterloo, the banking House of Rothschild got the word by carrier pigeon within hours, made a killing on London's Stock Exchange.

keeping a paperwork program in focus

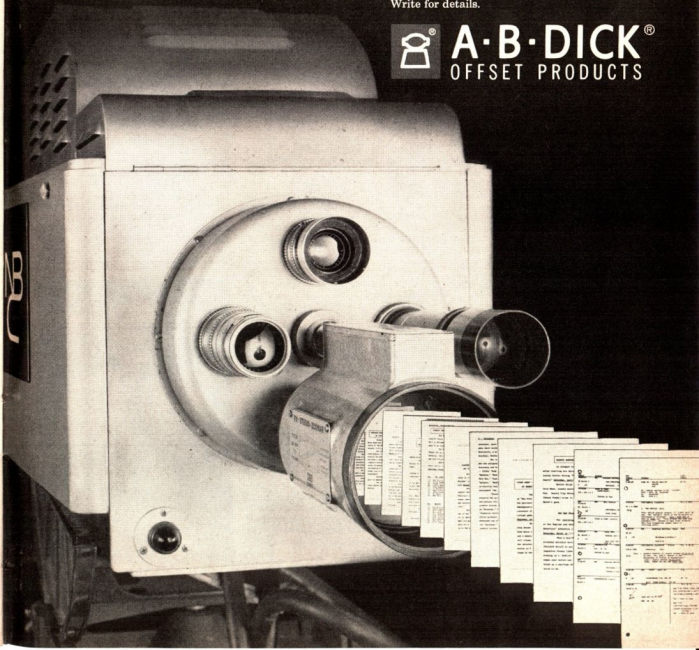
Network program control at National Broadcasting Company is a herculean task—eased greatly by A. B. Dick offset and photocopy duplicating systems.

A case in point is the daily, forty-page NBC program routine—the most important document used by the network. It used to take two full-time typists to meet its deadline. Now, one girl, in less than three hours, enters changes onto a copy of the previous day's schedule, and photocopies this revised schedule directly onto aluminum offset plates. From these, the current day's copies are run off. Re-typing errors have been reduced . . . proofreading eliminated . . . the day's work completed much earlier.

Keeping up with tight schedules of all kinds is but one of the many talents of copy communications by A. B. Dick Company, Chicago 48, Illinois. Write for details.



A·B·DICK®
OFFSET PRODUCTS





ADMAN LASKER
Shot from guns.
Associated Press

first pair of long pants. He attracted national attention as a cub reporter of 16 when he got an exclusive interview with Eugene V. Debs, the labor leader and Socialist presidential candidate. Learning that Debs, just out of prison (for contempt of court), was hiding in a house near Galveston, Lasker borrowed a Western Union messenger's uniform and delivered a wire to the stormy labor leader: I AM NOT A MESSENGER BOY. I AM A YOUNG NEWSPAPER REPORTER. YOU HAVE TO GIVE A FIRST INTERVIEW TO SOMEBODY. WHY DON'T YOU GIVE IT TO ME? IT WILL START ME ON MY CAREER. Vastly amused, Debs granted the interview, and Lasker's career moved into high gear. At 18, he went to Chicago to work for \$10 a week as an ad salesman for Lord & Thomas. At 35, he owned L. & T. and several million dollars to boot.

Love That Lucky. Lasker responded with singular skill to the fierce competition of advertising. When the J. Walter Thompson Agency recommended Woodbury's soap for "The Skin You Love to Touch," Lasker fired back, on Palmolive's behalf, with "That School Girl Complexion." Working in double harness with the eccentric George Washington Hill, president of American Tobacco, Lasker converted Lucky Strikes from a chewing tobacco into the nation's leading cigarette. Cannyly observing that women might be persuaded that smoking was not only decent but glamorous, Lasker assaulted the feminine market with a series of glowing testimonials from opera divas and movie queens. Luckies' sales zoomed 312% in one year.

Until Lasker's day, agencies did not write their own ads, but peddled the creations of others. But when Lasker learned that Pepsodent toothpaste contained a detergent called sodium alkyl sulphate, he ordered his own writers to rename the ingredient in three vowels and two consonants.

Later Lasker delighted in saying, "I invented irium. Tell me what it is." (He never found out.) When a Quaker Oats product, Wheat Berries, got nowhere, Lasker changed the name to Puffed Wheat, "The Grains That Are Shot from Guns," and business ballooned. When Hill decided to declare war on the candy industry with the slogan "Reach for a Lucky Instead of a Bonbon," Lasker changed the last word to "Sweet" (on the theory that they might as well cut into the cake and pie business too). That, too, was advertising history of a sort.

Humanizing Harding. Lasker was too energetic and too insatiably curious to confine himself to advertising. One of his sidelines was baseball. After the Chicago Black Sox scandal of 1920, he wrote a four-page code of ethics which is still the gospel of organized baseball. (As co-owner, with William Wrigley, of the Chicago Cubs, Lasker made the first big-money major-league-player purchase: he paid a sensational \$50,000 for Pitcher Grover Cleveland Alexander and Catcher William Killer Jr.) He was hired by the late Will Hays to "humanize" Warren G. Harding in his presidential campaign and became the first, for better or worse, to introduce advertising techniques to politics. In the last decade of his life, Lasker shut down Lord & Thomas, and with the gentle encouragement of his third wife Mary, became a connoisseur and collector of French art, a philanthropist, and a fund raiser for medical research.

Although Gunther, as an old friend, tends sometimes to sugar-coat his product, Lasker harbored the irium of human frailty. He was fascinated with his own opinions and monologues; in one bravura performance he talked to his staff, with minimal interruptions, for three days running. He demanded utter loyalty from his employees—not only to himself but to the products he purveyed—but he was not above firing 50 men at once without qualm or explanation. In a moment of complete self-approval, Lasker once said that "there is no advertising man in the world but me." If he had studied the phrase a little more carefully, Lasker would probably have changed "but" to "like"—and hit the mark, as usual.

New Canadian Blues

THE LUCK OF GINGER COFFEY (293 pp.)
—Brian Moore—Atlantic-Little, Brown
(\$4).

James Francis ("Ginger") Coffey has discovered the secret of eternal boyhood. He never faces facts. Born in Dublin "in humble circs" but now a status-seeking New Canadian immigrant, Ginger daily imagines his ship will come in even while he founders at some bar. With a flaming red mustache and a bluff military stance acquired in the Irish Army, Ginger leads his troupes of sentimental illusions and heroic reveries straight into the machine-gun fire of reality.

Old Maids & Galley Slaves. Belfast-born Canadian Novelist Brian Moore, 38, knows Ginger well; his literary career has

been devoted to lives that would be sorry farces if they were not sadder truths. Moore's *Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne* worried an old maid's wasted years in cruel whispers. In *The Feast of Lupercal*, he basted a 37-year-old virgin schoolmaster who knew less of sex than his students. While its plot is more forced than forceful, *The Luck of Ginger Coffey* dyes its boy-man hero in the rich Moore pigments of humor, poignance and irony.

As a New Canadian, Ginger Coffey is a swiftly self-unmade man. Jobless, he spends the \$600 his wife Veronica had set aside for return passage to Ireland. When he finally confesses this, Veronica sobs, slams and locks the bedroom door and leaves Ginger to warm his imagination on two quarts of beer. Armed with false courage and the recommendations of a cartoonist friend named Gerry Grosvenor, Ginger applies to the Montreal *Tribune* to become a Gentleman of the Press. But brrrr-tongued Managing Editor MacGregor, nicknamed Hitler by his staff, believes in starting everyone at the bottom, proof-reading the galleys. On his night-shift "galley-slave" wages, Ginger cannot actually support his wife and teen-age daughter. To his disgust, Veronica gets a millinery job; to his shock, she leaves him.

Desperate to eke out his income, Ginger enlists as a driver for a diaper service called Tiny Ones. He dons a battle jacket, military cap, sky-blue trousers and knee-length rubber boots, but the uniform of the diaper corps is not enough camouflage. Some home-town Dubliners spot him on his route and gleefully fire off letters to the old country reporting the coquetry of proud Ginger Coffey.

Hailstones from Home. Meanwhile Gerry Grosvenor has become the other man in Veronica's life, and Ginger tortures himself with erotic fantasies of the pair's love life. Husband and wife are reunited in an episode bordering on bur-



NOVELIST MOORE
Troupes of sentiment.
Tommy Weber

lesque. Answering a call of nature in the entranceway of a fashionable hotel, a boozed-up Ginger is booked for "indecent exposure." Then, in a dankly contemplative mood in his overnight cell, Ginger finally grows up: "A man's life was nobody's fault but his own."

Words drop on Novelist Moore's pages with the errant grace and purity of snowflakes, and occasionally an epigrammatic hailstone comes rattling down on the author's adopted homeland, e.g., "Money is the Canadian way to immortality." "Canada is a bore." But in the end, Ginger Coffey refutes both charges.

Go with God

BE NOT ANGRY (237 pp.)—William Michelfelder—Atheneum (\$4).

Since a priest is also a man, his human appetites are apt to get in the way of his vocation. Graham Greene used this simple fact of religious life with searing effect in *The Power and the Glory*. In his second novel, Author William Michelfelder, one-time reporter on the New York *World-Telegram and Sun*, cannot stand comparison with his master, but he tries to outdo him in compassion. Greene's whisky-drinking, fornicating priest in revolution-torn Mexico could only try to make amends by persisting in God's work at the risk of his life. Father Bowles, the sinner of Michelfelder's *Be Not Angry*, is let off almost scot-free; since his vocation was not as strong as his male hunger for a woman, he is allowed to write off his priesthood and go with God to boot.

Father Bowles finds the troubler of his peace in Catherine Knott, "a researcher for a national news magazine," whose religiosity is so intense that "even on the hottest August days when she wore a sleeveless dress, or a thin frock, she looked like a formally attired Girl Scout." Although she seems to bear a sign, "Catholic virgin at work. Do not disturb," Father Bowles fails to heed the warning. He accepts a winter rendezvous in a secluded park corner, and when Catherine slips to her knees in the snow, Father Bowles kisses her. Like a badge of shame her lipstick announces his fall from grace when he returns to the rectory for dinner.

It is his superior, an aged and very human monsignor, who takes charge. He also carries the author's message—in purple language and in terms so unorthodox that many a Catholic will find it hard to accept. Long before he saw the lipstick, the monsignor knew that "the demon of concupiscence has been nibbling at the poor boy's glands. How do I know this? Have I not myself been chased through life by the hound of copulation?" Now he advises Bowles: "Go to her, if you must. You are a good man. There is nothing worse than self-deception in religion." Author Michelfelder is too lugubrious a writer to give the problem much dramatic force. But the book has some effective moments of rectory conversation, and earnestly pleads that human love is a work of God as surely as is the priestly vocation.



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Before you go anywhere—don't forget! Carry American Express Travelers Cheques and enjoy that wonderful feeling of security. If they're lost or stolen, you get every cent back without delay. Accepted everywhere... at home and abroad. Buy them at your BANK, Western Union and Railway Express offices. Cost only a penny a dollar... and they're always good.

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POLITICS
 will be
 making
 bigger news
 than ever!
 Follow the
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Christ & THE FAMILY

*"Christ saw no room
 for selfishness in marriage..."*

Dr. Otto Geiselman,
 Noted Family Counselor, on

The LUTHERAN HOUR, Sunday, Aug. 28
 See local paper for time and station



DIETING?

Discover this new sugar substitute!

There's only one that is granulated like sugar. Looks, sprinkles, and sweetens like sugar! It's ADOLPH'S Sugar Substitute, now at grocery stores. Costs a little more, but it's worth it. FOR FREE SAMPLE write Dept. I-8, Adolph's Ltd., Burbank, Calif.



Adolph's
 SUGAR
 SUBSTITUTE

Another fine product from Adolph's Research Kitchen

TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

Ocean's 11. Frank Sinatra's off-screen clansmen (Dean Martin, Peter Lawford, Sammy Davis Jr. et al.) as their usual tough-talking, gambling selves ham up a Las Vegas robbery with enough foolishness to make it look like fun.

Jungle Cat. Another of Walt Disney's magnificently photographed, though sometimes badly edited and narrated, True-Life Adventures, this time about jaguars in the Amazon jungles.

It Started in Naples. A Neapolitan holiday that is pleasurable enough, with Clark Gable, Sophia Loren and Vittorio De Sica, becomes occasionally hilarious, thanks to a scene-stealing nine-year-old called Mariotto.

Sons and Lovers. Director Jack Cardiff and an excellent cast including Trevor Howard and Wendy Hiller achieve a literate, literal translation of the D. H. Lawrence novel about the artist son of a coaiming father and a carnivorous mother.

Elmer Gantry. In one of his best performances, Burt Lancaster puts the old Sinclair Lewis test show on the road in a flavorful resurrection of the 1927 novel.

Bells Are Ringing. A poor book and so-so score are rescued by lively Comden-Green lyrics and the extraordinary comic art of Judy Holliday, re-creating her Broadway role of the star-crossed, wire-crossing switchboard spinster.

The Apartment. Producer-Director Billy Wilder combines a cynical commentary on grey-flannel suitors with a comedy of men's-room humors and water-cooler politics.

TELEVISION

Thurs., Aug. 25

Silents Please (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.).* ABC's new series of excerpts from the silent screen follows a pre-Cassidy William Boyd through typhoon and mutiny aboard the *Yankee Clipper*, the 1920 spectacular in which the U.S., under the guiding hand of young Cecil B. DeMille, battles Britain for the China tea trade.

Fri., Aug. 26

The 1960 Summer Olympic Games in Rome (CBS, 9-10 p.m.). With nearly as many experts as cameras, CBS is the only U.S. network at the games. The first taped telecast covers the opening ceremonies.

Moment of Fear (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). *The Accused* tells the story of Nazi Adolf Eichmann. Color.

Sat., Aug. 27

Little League World Series (ABC, 1:45-4 p.m.). From Williamsport, Pa., comes the first telecast of a Little League championship game—six innings.

Olympic Games (CBS, a half-hour wrap-up between 11 and 12 p.m.).

Sun., Aug. 28

Olympic Games (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.).

The Twentieth Century (CBS, 6:30-7 p.m.). *Liberation of Paris*. Repeat.

Olympic Games (CBS, a 15-minute wrap-up sometime between 11:15 and 12 p.m.).

* All times E.D.T.

Mon., Aug. 29

Project 20 (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). *Life in the Thirties*. Repeat.

Olympic Games (CBS, a half-hour wrap-up sometime between 11 and 12 p.m.).

Tues., Aug. 30

Olympic Games (CBS, 8-8:30 p.m.).

THEATER

On Broadway

As the summer wanes, the musicals still impervious to seasonal change include **Bye Bye Birdie**, which takes some of the curl out of a rock-'n'-roll idol's pompadour; **Fiorello!**, a deft, sunny salute to New York City's late Mayor La Guardia; and **West Side Story**, Romeo and Juliet in jazz time. Among the straight dramas still pulling customers from the hot pavements are **Toys in the Attic**, in which Lillian Hellman pits poor Jason Robards Jr. against three women—two old maid sisters and a wife—who need him to need them; **The Tenth Man**, Alchemist Paddy Chayefsky's murky but potent mixture of out-of-date mysticism and up-to-date neurosis; **The Miracle Worker**, a tour de force of acting by Patty Duke and Anne Bancroft as the young Helen Keller and her teacher, Anne Sullivan; and **The Best Man**, Gore Vidal's cutting caricature of cold-blooded politics.

Off Broadway

Still fresh and unwilted by the heat are **Little Mary Sunshine**, a crisp, straightforward spoof of the Grand Old Operettas; **The Balcony**, Jean Genet's surrealist universe ensconced in a brothel; **The Connection**, a pad full of Pirandelloish characters waiting, not for Godot, but the heroin fix; and a neat double dose of disenchantment: Samuel Beckett's **Krapp's Last Tape**, in which a defeated, Proust-like writer plays back his own past, on the same bill with Edward Albee's **Zoo Story**, which stars a lonely beatnik trying to communicate with an awful square. Up in Central Park: **The Taming of the Shrew**.

Straw Hat

Boothbay, Me., Playhouse: *Première of Charade*, a darkling view of wartime Europe through a child's eyes, by Mark Walker, dramatizing Edith Morris' novel.

Stratford, Conn.: *Twelfth Night*, *The Tempest* and *Antony and Cleopatra* with casts including Katharine Hepburn, Robert Ryan and Morris Carnovsky.

Saratoga Springs, N.Y., Spa Summer Theater: June Havoc stars in *The Time of the Cuckoo*.

Milburn, N.J., Paper Mill Playhouse: Eve Arden takes it like a man in *Goodbye, Charlie*.

La Jolla, Calif., Playhouse: Wendell Corey and Marge Champion as *The Great Sebastians*.

Ashland, Ore.: Shakespeare in rotation, with *Julius Caesar*, *The Tempest*, *Richard II* and *The Taming of the Shrew*.

Seattle, Orpheum: Forrest Tucker belts out the corn as Broadway's darling, *The Music Man*.

Stratford, Ont.: *Romeo and Juliet*, *King John* and *Midsummer Night's Dream*, with Julie Harris and Christopher Plummer leading the repertory.

BOOKS

Best Reading

The Stormy Life of Lasik Roitschwantz, by Ilya Ehrenburg. A previously untranslated 1927 satire of revolutionary Russia by Communism's No. 1 court jester. This kosher *Candide* reincarnates the non-hero of Jewish folklore: Peter Schlemiel, the enemy of commissar and cop.

The Ballad of Peckham Rye, by Muriel Spark. A brief encounter between a London Mephistopheles and the local mediocrities produces a hilarious novel, and some reflections about how even the commonplace can be touched with mystery.

All Fall Down, by James Leo Herlihy. A fresh, Salinger description of a hokey-playing 14-year-old, his ne'er-do-well brother and their offbeatnik parents. **Captain Cat**, by Robert Holles. A 15-year-old British G.I. claws his way up society's ladder in gentlemanly Teddy lingo.

The Last Temptation of Christ, by Nikos Kazantzakis. A searching, scandalizing novel of Jesus by the late brilliant Greek poet-novelist-philosopher who looked for God in man's lust, tormented soul.

Lament for a City, by Henry Beethle Hough. An unsentimental view by an aging New England editor, demonstrating that the soul of a town is its newspaper, and that both can be sold down the Styx.

Summer bonus: four remarkably fine first novels. **The Bridge**, by Manfred Gregor, a brisk, bitter account of teen-age Nazi conscripts, thrown into the suicidal campaign of 1945; **Now and at the Hour**, by Robert Cormier, the touching story of how death brings dignity to an obscure factory worker; **To Kill a Mockingbird**, by Harper Lee, an uncommonly well-written tale about the irregular but effective education of the most appealing little Southern girl since Carson McCullers' Frankie; and **The Paratrooper of Mechanic Avenue**, by Lester Goran, more growing pains, but this time those of a less savvy hero on the loose in a Pittsburgh slum.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. **Advise and Consent**, Drury (1)*
2. **The Leopard**, Di Lampedusa (2)
3. **Hawaii**, Michener (3)
4. **The Chapman Report**, Wallace (4)
5. **Water of Life**, Robinson (5)
6. **The View From the Fortieth Floor**, White (6)
7. **The Lovely Ambition**, Chase (7)
8. **To Kill a Mockingbird**, Lee
9. **Watcher In the Shadows**, Household

10. **Diamond Head**, Gilman

NONFICTION

1. **Born Free**, Adamson (1)
2. **May This House Be Safe From Tigers**, King (3)
3. **How I Made \$2,000,000 in the Stock Market**, Darvas (2)
4. **The Conscience of a Conservative**, Goldwater (6)
5. **Felix Frankfurter Reminisces**, Frankfurter with Phillips (7)
6. **I Kid You Not**, Paar (9)
7. **Folk Medicine**, Jarvis (5)
8. **Enjoy, Enjoy!**, Golden (5)
9. **The Good Years**, Lord
10. **Mr. Citizen**, Truman (10)

* Position on last week's list



Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best in the House"

I just couldn't
be lady-like
with this
man-eating tiger!

1. "In the rugged Himalayan foothills of Assam," writes Mary Hurn, an American friend of Canadian Club, "marauding tigers are a menace to life and limb. I'd been on several 'shoot'-as-a-guide, but never as a gun-handler—until I accepted the invitation of His Highness the Maharaja of Cooh Behar. Setting out with thirty elephants and two hundred mahouts, trackers and beaters, I was afraid it might prove a man-size undertaking for a woman like me. The grass was so tall, I didn't see the man-eater until we were on top of him. Then, my elephant caught the scent—and trumpeted wildly. Peering down the sights of my .375 Magnum, I looked into the most ferocious face I'd ever seen. That was all I needed to squeeze the trigger!



2. "It was beginner's luck—but when the smoke had cleared, the tiger didn't look ferocious any more. My one shot had stopped him in his tracks. It only remained for the porters to truss him up and carry him back to camp.



3. "Weighing in at well over five hundred pounds, the tiger measured a good ten feet from tooth to tail. His colorful pelt made a handsome trophy for an amateur rifleman. And the natives were more than delighted to get a much-needed supply of fresh meat.



4. "At Rambagh Palace in nearby Jaipur, I joined the Maharaja in a victory toast. 'What better way to celebrate than with Canadian Club,' said my host."

Why this whisky's world-wide popularity? Canadian Club has a flavor so distinctive, no other whisky tastes quite like it. And that's not all. Of the world's great whiskies, the lightest are Scotch and Canadian.

What's more, Canadian Club is *lightest of them all*. This happy combination means that you can stay with it all evening long—in cocktails before dinner, highballs after. Try it tonight.

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SO IMPORTANT
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